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dec 25 46-1m

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Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 20th day of January next, I will offer for sale by public auction, at the Court House in the city of Wilmington that valuable PLANTATION in the county of New Hanover, lying on the south side of the North Eastern branch of the Cape Fear river, containing about 850 ACRES, part of the Rocky Point lands, well known as the VATTS, or FERRY PLANTATION, and now occupied by Mr. E. H McQuigg. And at the same time and place about 175 Acres of land on the other side of said river and nearly opposite said Vatts Plantation. One-fourth of the purchase money will be required in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in three equal annual payments to be made in one, two and three years thereafter, with interest from said day of sale. The purchaser will be required to give satisfactory bonds for the deferred payments, secured by a mortgage on the premises containing a power to sell if default is made on any payments for sixty days after it may be due; and also to pay for drafting necessary conveyances.

This sale is made by Mrs Bettie A. Lane, under a conveyance in mortgage of said premises heretofore made to her.

WM. A. WRIGHT,
Attorney.
dec 18 45—

LEGISLATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

SENATE.

EVENING SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 1868.

Mr. Welker introduced a resolution instructing the committee on the sale of the State's interest in Railroads, Navigation and Turnpike Companies, &c., to confer with the Governor, and ascertain if he has had any proposals made to him upon that subject, and the nature of them. Adopted.

CALENDAR.

On motion of A. H. Galloway, colored the bill authorizing the Commissioners of New Hanover, Robeson, Union, Anson, Rutherford, Wake, Granville, Halifax, Cumberland and Pasquotank, to issue bonds, was taken up.

On motion of Mr. Osborne, it was so amended as to submit the subject to a vote of the people of the several counties, and the bill passed its third reading.

On motion of Mr. Barrow, the rules were suspended, and the resolution relating to the committee on the Penitentiary was taken up and discussed at length.

Messrs. Barrow, Robbins, Welker and Love held that the committee had transcended their powers, or at least, had violated the spirit of the bill in purchasing the 8,000 acres of land.

Messrs. Osborne and Cook sustained the committee, and held that the General Assembly were alone responsible.

Mr. Lassiter spoke at length and gave all the facts in his possession in reference to the purchase. It had been represented to the committee that there was an abundance of iron ore of a superior quality on the 8,000 acre tract—with a sufficient amount of wood to have a smelting furnace for twenty years, with an immense water power, and the site for the Penitentiary all for $66,000.

Mr. Barrow desired to know how he made it that amount.

Mr. Lassiter said that our bonds were worth 66 at the time, and the owners of the property had agreed to take 100,000 of our bonds at par.

Mr. Love desired to know who were the original owners of the property, and what it sold for before the committee purchased it.

Mr. Harrington said that the land belonged to Dr. McKay, and he had heard that a Northern Company had purchased it for 65 cents per acre. The committee purchased it from Colonel Heck & Co.

Pending the further consideration of the matter of Mr. Barrow, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, 11 o'clock.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

NIGHT SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 1868.

A message was received from the Senate informing the House of the passage of House bill No. 160, to amend the charter of the town of Fayetteville, with an amendment making it apply to all towns in the State.

J. S. Leary, colored, moved that the House concur in the amendment.

Mr. Sinclair said this bill, as it stood, would prohibit men who owned property and paid taxes but who did not live within the corporate limits of the town from voting.

J. S. Leary, colored, said that he had he disposition to disfranchise any one, but no thought there should be an actual residence. The Senate adopted this amendment to make the provisions of the bill apply to all other towns in the State, in order to get rid of a multiplicity of bills of a similar character.

Mr. Vest favored the amendment.

The question on the motion to concur was put and carried. Adjourned.

Wilmington Journal.

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SENATE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15, 1868.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS, &C.

By A. H. Galloway, colored: A resolution proposing to raise a committee to investigate and ascertain what disposition has been made of the fund raised by blockade running, and of the Literary Fund. (This resolution authorizes *the Governor* to appoint the committee.) Placed on calendar.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

Resolution declaring that the committee on the Penitentiary transcended their power in purchasing the 8,000 acres of land, and instructing the Public Treasurer to withhold the bonds to complete the sale.

Mr. Osborne said that the only question was whether the committee had the power, under the bill, to make the purchase of the 8,000 acres. He was of the opinion that they did. I confess, Mr. President, (he said) that I was surprised when I heard that the committee had made this purchase. I thought it was a stretch of their powers, and that they must have had great inducements to have made the venture. If I had been on the committee I should have advised a different course, but the purchase is made, and this is a question in which private rights are involved, and it should be considered maturely and investigated thoroughly. I regret that the purchase has been made, and no one regrets more than I do that the phraseology of the bill will even admit of debate. Yet, sir, I am clearly of the opinion that the committee were sustained in their action by the provisions of the bill. I do not think this question should be considered hastily, and therefore move that it be referred to a special committee, with the power to investigate it thoroughly; and should it turn out that this committee of honorable gentlemen have been defrauded by misrepresentation I will vote for any measure declaring the purchase null and void.

Mr. Lassiter approved of the course designated by the Senator from Mecklenburg, and hoped his suggestions would be adopted.

Mr. Lindsay said he was opposed to the reference. He thought that action should be had at once to forestall the sale of those bonds. A committee had had this subject under investigation, and yet none of them could say that this purchase had any coal, iron, or granite on it, and he could not see what good could be accomplished by this reference.

Messrs. Barrow, Graham, Robbins and Sweet opposed the reference in speeches of some length, and Messrs. Burns and Lassiter favored it.

The Senate refused to refer by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Burns, Blythe, Cook, Davis Eaves, Epps, colored, Galloway, colored, Jones, of Wake, Lassiter, Moore, of Yancey, Osborne and Rich—12

NAYS—Messrs. Barrow, Barnes, Beasley, Beeman, Bellamy, Brogden, Colgrove, Etheridge, Graham, Harrington Legg, Lindsay, Long, Love, Mason, Melchor, Moore, of Carteret, McLauchlin, Purdie, Richardson, Robbins, Scott, Shoffner, Smith, Sweet, Welker, White and Wilson—28.

The resolution then passed its final reading as follows:

AYES—Messrs. Barrow, Barnes, Beasley, Beeman, Bellamy, Brogden, Etheridge, Graham Harrington, Legg, Lindsay, Long, Love, Mason Melchor, Moore, of Carteret, Moore, of Yancey, McLauchlin, Purdie, Respass, Robbins, Scott, Shoffner, Smith, Stephens, Welker and Wilson—28

NAYS—Messrs. Burns, Blythe, Colgrove, Cook Davis, Eaves, Epps, colored, Galloway, colored, Marshdale, Osborne, Rich and Richardson—12.

On motion of Mr. Welker, the resolution proposing to raise a committee to investigate the affairs of the Bank of the State and of the Cape Fear Bank was taken up and passed its several readings.

On motion, the Senate adjourned until to-night, at 7½ o'clock.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15, 1868.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Mr. Laflin, from the committee on Internal Improvements, reported favorably upon the bill to separate the Eastern and Western divisions of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad.

The bill was ordered to be read, and during the reading,

Mr. Pou arose to a point of order, saying that the hour for the special order (viz: consideration of the report of the Internal Improvement committee offered yesterday on several railroad bills,) had arrived. He then moved to indefinitely postpone the special order, and on that motion took the floor. He thought that it was highly important to the interests of the State that these bills should be fully and fairly discussed on their several readings.

Mr. Pou continued for some time to argue against the unconstitutional manner in which the General Assembly had already issued, and were now trying to issue bonds with such a lavish hand. The people did not intend to pay them, and these capitalists, who were hawking them about the markets and stretching out their greedy hands to grasp others, had better take warning. They might call this repudiation or not, just as they pleased, but he would tell them that the people did not intend to be crushed under an enormous load of taxation.

He would inform the House, that unless they took warning, in less than four years he bonds of the State would not buy a bag of guano. He was not opposed to railroads, but he did object to the manner in which some wanted to make the State responsible for them. Mr. P. continued in opposition to these appropriations, saying it was a system of piling up enormous debts for the people to pay in taxes. He was opposed upon principle to building up railroads by taxation. In many instances it took from one man to build up another. He did not oppose lending the credit of the State to build up a road under construction, but he would be first sure to have such security as would prevent one portion of the people from being grievously oppressed by taxation in building that road in order to bolster up another. He believed that the course of the Legislature would result ultimately in the State's becoming utterly bankrupt, if he did not feel sure that the people would repudiate the tremendous source of taxation.

Mr. Pou had been speaking for some time, when

Mr. Downing arose to a point of order, saying he had set under the infliction for some time, until he had reached his fourteenthly or fifteenthly, but he now insisted that the gentleman should confine himself to the subject under discussion.

The Chair sustained Mr. Pou, and he continued in the same strain, when

Mr. Downing again arose to a point of a similar character.

The Chair again sustained Mr. Pou, and Mr. Downing appealed from the decision.

On the appeal Jno. Williamson (colored) called for the yeas and nays.

The call was sustained, when Mr. Downing consented to withdraw the point.

John Williamson (colored) contended that it could not be withdrawn, as the yeas and nays had been ordered.

The Speaker decided otherwise, when *John Williamson* appealed from that decision and called for the yeas and nays.

The call was not sustained and the decision of the Chair was sustained.

Mr. Pou continued his remarks and concluded by making a strong appeal against the manner in which it was proposed to aid the various Railroad schemes now under consideration. He believed that gentlemen who intended to vote for these bills never expected to represent the people again on this floor. The identical party now in the ascendancy, and which controlled this House, would never again do so. Gentlemen knew it and felt it.

Mr. Estes next occupied the floor in reply to Mr. Pou, taking issue with him on several points in regard to the amount of taxation arising from the issue of bonds to Railroads &c., &c.

Mr. Laflin said he arose not to reply to the arguments of Mr. Pou, but simply to congratulate him upon the *safe delivery* of his speech, and he (Laflin) hoped the delivery had not been so painful to him (Mr. Pou) as it evidently had been to the majority of the House. Mr. Laflin then proceeded to advocate the immediate passage of the bills, &c., and concluded by moving to take up the bill amending the Charter of the Tarboro' and Williamston Railroad, and on that motion called the *previous question!*

Mr. Bowman moved to amend the motion by postponing until the second Monday in January, and Mr. Pou accepted the amendment.

Mr. Seymour hoped the motion to postpone would prevail, and that all the bills would be printed and the members could take them home and then get the views of their constituents. He did not think they should be asked to rush bills through the House, increasing the debt of the State some $14,000,000, without examination.—He understood that there were three bills amending the Charter of the North Carolina Railroad going to be introduced.—Now he did not like to vote on them by piece meal; he wanted an opportunity to examine the whole plan.

Mr. Durham said he was opposed to pushing these bills in one batch, under the gag of the previous question, through the House. If other gentlemen would allow each bill, as it came from the calendar, to be fully and fairly discussed, though he preferred a postponement, yet he would not insist upon the postponement. If proper time were allowed, he should vote for some of the bills; one of them carried a Railroad by his own town—but if the attempt was made to rush through an omnibus bill, involving the State to the extent of some twelve or fourteen millions, he would resist it to the bitter end.

Mr. Bowman said he was a friend to these measures, but he wished each to be thoroughly discussed, and to stand or fall on its merits. He, therefore, insisted on his motion to postpone until the second Monday in January next, and called the previous question. He withdrew it, however, at the request of Mr. Malone, with the understanding that he might renew it.

Mr. Malone said that the postponement of these measures is proper for many considerations. The object of these various bills is to build up a huge system of Railroads in the State. The discussion of these questions involves the most important, difficult legal questions, as well as questions of policy, and yet, under a suspension of the rules, we are required to rush blindly and madly into an expenditure unknown before to the history of the State. Why this haste? Will not the merit of these propositions insure their passage? If not, this is a strong argument against the measures. Let us have every single proposition before the House, and we may finally be able to add greatly to the onward course of North Carolina.

Mr. French moved to adjourn.

Mr. Bowman arose to a point of order, saying that he had yielded the floor to Mr. Malone, with the understanding that he should have the floor to renew the motion for the previous question.

The Chair sustained the point, when, Mr. B renewed the motion, and the motion prevailed.

Mr. French called for the yeas and nays.

The call was sustained and resulted, yeas 61, nays 38.

Those who voted in the negative were: Messrs. Ames, Argo, Barnett, Candler, Carey, colored, Davidson, Ellington, Estes, Forkner, colored, Foster, French, Gahagan, Graham, Gunter, Harris, of Wake, colored, Hayes, colored, Hudgings, Laflin, Mayo, colored, Moring, Morris, colored, Pearson, Peck, Price, colored, Proctor, Renfrow, Robbins, colored, Robinson, Reynolds, colored, Short, Sinclair Simonds, Sykes, colored, Welch, White, Williamson, colored, Gatling and Wiswall—38.

Mr. Justice, of Rutherford, moved to reconsider the vote.

Mr. Durham moved to lay it on the table.

J. H. Harris, of Wake, (colored) moved to adjourn. On motion, the yeas and nays were called and had, resulting in a vote of yeas 40, nays 65.

The question recurred upon Mr. Durham's motion to lay the motion to re-consider on the table.

On motion, the yeas and nays were ordered, and resulted in a vote of yeas 61, nays 39.

After the introduction of one or two unimportant resolutions, the House then adjourned until 7½ o'clock this evening.

SENATE.

EVENING SESSION.

TUESDAY NIGHT, Dec. 15, 1868.

A majority of the committee on Corporations reported favorably on a bill to amend the charter of the City of Wilmington. The bill passed its second reading.

The following bills passed their second reading, viz:

Bill making appropriation for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum;

Bill to incorporate the University Railroad Company—appropriation of $300,000—Ayes 19, nays 18;

Bill providing for the settlement of the estates of deceased persons.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

EVENING SESSION.

TUESDAY NIGHT, Dec. 14, 1868.

Mr. Laflin, from the committee on Internal Improvements, reported favorably upon Senate bill No. 55, entitled an act to re-enact and confirm certain acts of the General Assembly, authorizing the issue of State bonds to and for certain railroad companies.

Mr. Laflin moved to suspend the rules and put the bill on its second reading.

Mr. Pou opposed a suspension of the rules. He said this bill would have all the legal effect of a new bill. It sought to legalize the issue of bonds, which now were worth nothing in reality. He alluded to Cromwell's expression when he saw his foe making a false move: "The Lord has delivered them into our hands." So he thought this was a false move on the part of the friends of these railroad enterprises. "The Lord has delivered" these railroad gentlemen into the hands of the friends of the State and the people. This was a dodge too palpable and poor to deceive any one. He would like to see this and all other bills of a similar character indefinitely postponed. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16, 1868.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS, &C.

By Mr. Respass: A bill to complete the State canals in the county of Hyde. Referred to the Committee on Education.

[It appears that these works run through the lands belonging to the Literary Fund, and the bill asks for an appropriation of $40,000 to complete the work.]

By Mr. Legg: A bill for the relief of W. M. D. More, late Clerk of the County Court of Brunswick. Referred to the Committee on Propositions and Grievances.

By Mr. Welker: A resolution proposing to raise a committee to investigate thoroughly the action of the committee appointed to purchase a site for the Penitentiary, and to report all the facts by the 15th of January next. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Robbins, the use of the Senate Chamber was granted, from 2 o'clock, to the Attorneys of the State, to consult with the Code Commissioners in reference to the Code.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

Bill to amend the charter of the city of Wilmington. Passed unanimously.

Bill making an appropriation of $30,000 for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum.—Passed unanimously, ordered to be engrossed and sent to the House.

Bill to repeal an act to provide for the employment of convicts and the erection of a Penitentiary passed—Messrs. Blythe, Burns, Cook and Rich voting in the negative.

Bill to incorporate the University Railroad Company passed by the following vote:

AYES—Messrs. Bellamy, Blythe, Colgrove, Cook Davis, Eaves, Forkner, Galloway, colored, Hayes, Lassiter, Lindsay, Martindale, Moore, of Carteret, Osborne, Rich, Richardson, Scott, Smith, Stephens, Winstead and Wilson—21.

NAYS—Messrs. Barrow, Beasley, Brogden, Burns, Harrington, Legg, Love, Melchor, Moore, of Yancey, McLaughlin, Robbins, Shoffner, Sweet, and Welker—14.

CALENDAR.

Bill to re-enact and continue in force an act authorizing the Commissioners of Fayetteville to issue bonds.

Mr. Harrington said the intent of this bill was simply to exchange the old bonds, which have already been issued, for new bonds.

Mr. Barrow said it was clearly in opposition to the provisions of the new Constitution, and therefore unconstitutional, and moved to lay the bill on the table; which prevailed.

Mr. Jones, of Wake, said that it would be recollected by Senators that, some time since, a committee had been appointed to investigate charges of bribery. He did not know who the chairman of that committee was, but he desired to enquire why the report was delayed. Members were going home, and they desired this matter cleared up before they left. A Senator on the floor had stated that he knew of cases of bribery, and that Senator was a member of the committee. He should like to know when the report will be made, and hoped it would not be delayed.

Mr. Sweet said that, as a member of that committee, he would say that the report would be forthcoming as soon as the whole matter is thoroughly investigated. He could say for the Senate branch of the committee that they intended to sift the whole matter to the bottom, and did not intend to make any report until it was done thoroughly, notwithstanding the anxiety of the Senator from Wake, or any other Senator, to see the report.

On motion, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow 11 o'clock.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16, 1868.

SPECIAL ORDER.

The bill entitled "an act to re-enact and confirm certain acts of the General Assembly authorizing the issue of State bonds to and for certain railroad companies."

Mr. Laflin, who reported this bill as chairman of the Internal Improvement committee, arose to make some remarks upon it, when

Mr. Pou made a point of order, saying that the resolution which was adopted yesterday postponing all bills appropriating money until the second Monday in January next, included this bill.

The chair said that he understood that motion as only applying to the bills then pending. This bill being then in the possession of the committee, that motion would not apply to it.

Mr. Laflin then resumed, saying that the House would stultify itself by refusing to confirm their acts in this matter, &c.

Mr. Downing also advocated the passage of the bill, and Mr. Bowman also was in favor of it.

Mr. Pou said: I am surprised to see members of this House persist in their efforts to pass measures through the General Assembly, which they ought to know now, and which, in a few months, they certainly will know, are not constitutional, and consequently not capable of being transformed into law.

Sec. 5, Art. V, of the State Constitution clearly shows that the General Assembly has no power now to contract any new debt in aid, either directly or indirectly, of any railroad enterprise unless in the "same bill" authorizing the contracting of the debt a special tax is levied to pay the interest annually on the debt so contracted, the bonds of the State being not now at par.

The bills passed last August, lending the credit of the State to various Railroads are clearly without constitutional authority, because the same bills made no provision by levy of a special tax to pay the interest annually on the debt so contracted.

This fatal defect is well known to the friends of the railroad aid bills passed at the late session, and they seek in this bill to cure it.

The cure may be made as to the roads that were begun, but not finished at the late of the adoption of the Constitution.

But this bill seeks to do more. Sec. 5 of Art. V. of the Constitution provides that even though the special tax be levied in the same bill with the bill authorizing the obligation, yet when the object of the obligation sought to be created is to lend the credit of the State in aid of any person, association or corporation, the subject must be submitted to a direct vote of the people of the State and approved by a majority of those who shall vote thereon, "*except to aid* in the completion of such Railroads" as were begun and were unfinished at the time of the adoption of the Constitution—*or except* in aid of Roads in which the State had a direct pecuniary interest at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

The Chatham Railroad gets by the bill under consideration what is tantamount to a direct State subscription of $2,000,000. This road was not begun and is consequently not an "*unfinished*" road within the meaning of the Constitution. The appropriation therefore cannot get validity on that ground.

Of course the State had no "direct pecuniary interest" in this road at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. So far from it the corporation itself had no existence at that date.

The language of the Constitution is not "*may have*," but "*has*" a direct pecuniary interest.

The General Assembly, therefore, in my opinion, has not the power, if so disposed, to pass the $2,000,000 appropriation for for the Chatham road unless the same is submitted to a vote of the people.

Mr. Malone asked that the bill be explained. He thought provision ought to be made in reference to the two roads mentioned in the first section.

But what does the 4th section mean?—As I understand it the 4th section makes the State take $2,000,000 stock. Here is an extraordinary effort to interpolate a new and stupendous railroad bill under a pretended statement that a curative statute is intended. The act of the 16th day of August, 1868, simply allows the State to exchange her bonds for a like number of registered bonds of the Company, but this 4th section substitutes a new law into, and makes the State a stockholder to the amount of $2,000,000. Is it desirable for the State to take stock in all these railroads? Certainly it should not be done without great care and reflection. I am confident this House does not understand this bill.

Mr. Estes took the floor and argued at some length in favor of the provisions of the bill.

Mr. Laflin arose in reply to the inquiries of the gentleman from Caldwell (Mr. Malone) in regard to the operation of section 4th of the bill, and concluded *by calling the previous question.*

The call was sustained.

Upon the passage of the bill on its second reading, Mr. Pou called for the yeas and nays.

The call being sustained, resulted in the following ballot:

YEAS—Messrs. Ames Ashworth, Barnett, Blair, Candler, Cherry, colored, Cawthorn, colored, Clayton, of Transylvania, Crawford, Davis, Dixon, Downing, Ellington, Estes, Forkner, colored Foster, French, Gahagan, Gatling, Graham, Gunter, Harris, of Wake, colored Hayes, colored, Hicks, Hodgin, Hoffman, Humphries, Hudgings, Ingram, Jarvis, Justice of Henderson, Justice, of Rutherford, Kelly, of Moore, Kinney, Laflin, Leary, colored, Long, of Chatham, Mayo, colored, Moring, Morris, colored, Parker, Pearson, Peck, Price, colored, Proctor, Renfrow, Robbins, colored, Robinson, Reynolds, colored, Short, Sinclair, Simonds, Stevens, Stilley, Vestal, Waldrop, White, Wilkie, Williamson, colored Wilson and Wiswall—69.

NAYS—Messrs. Armstrong, Barnes, Boddie, Bowman, Ferebee, Gibson, Hawkins High, Hinnant, Hodnett, Malone, McMillan, Mendenhall Pou, Smith, of Wayne, Sweat, colored, Thompson, Whitley, Williams, of Harnett, and Williamson, of Sampson.—21

The Chair announced the next special order, to wit: The bill to amend the act entitled an act to establish a legal rate of interest and to repeal chapter No. 114, Revised Code.

On motion of Jas. H. Harris, of Wake, colored, House bill No. 117, for the better protection of debtors, (reported unfavorably upon by committee) was taken up.—He offered a proviso that the act shall not apply to the collection of bills of cost from any court of record in this State, nor to any penalty on official bonds, and further, that sheriffs and other collecting officers shall not be liable on their official bonds for failure, in obedience to this act, to collect according to laws heretofore in force, only for bills of cost, and fees, and penalties. Adopted.

Mr. Seymour opposed the bill and proceeded to show various objections to it.

Mr. Bowman moved to insert the word "constitutional" before the word "laws" in the 7th line, and the amendment was accepted.

Pending further discussion of the matter the House adjourned until to-morrow, 10 o'clock.

SENATE.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17, 1868.

BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Mr. Respass: A bill authorizing an exchange and the funding of certain bonds. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Mr. Graham: A bill to amend an act in relation to punishments, chap. 44, special session of 1868. (He proposed to amend by the addition of the following section, to wit: "That all other misdemeanors, where a specified punishment is not prescribed, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisonment, not exceeding thirty days.")

By A. H. Galoway, colored: A resolution requesting the Superintendent of Public Works to recommend by bill some provision for procuring a suitable room for the Supreme Court and for the Public Library. Adopted.

CALENDAR.

Resolution in favor of W. H. White, late Sheriff of Bladen county, was taken up, on motion of Mr. Purdie, and passed its several readings.

Bill to continue in force and amend an act to authorize the County of Cumberland and the town of Fayetteville to issue bonds for their indebtedness was taken up and amended, on motion of Mr. Barrow, to wit:

"*Provided*, That said bonds shall not be issued, unless the subject is submitted to a vote of the people of said County, and a majority concur."

On motion, the rules were suspended and the bill passed its several readings.

SPECIAL ORDER.

Report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, declaring Mr. Purdie, Senator elect from the 14th District, banned by the Howard amendment, and therefore not entitled to his seat, signed by one half of the Committee.

Mr. Jones, of Wake, moved to postpone its farther consideration until the 6th of January next.

Mr. Sweet said he hoped the motion to postpone would prevail. The Senate had agreed to postpone this matter heretofore, in order to allow the Senator, if he was banned, and to remove all doubt on the subject, to get his disabilities removed by Congress. He had just seen letters from Messrs. Pool and Dockery, stating that a bill had been introduced for that purpose, and they were of the opinion that it would pass very soon. As there is a probability, almost a certainty, that the Senator's disabilities will be removed, it is to be hoped that the Senate will not insist on acting on this question now. If they do, they will be accused of taking snap judgment.

Mr. Hayes said he thought this matter had been postponed long enough, and if the Senator has seen these letters alluded to, he thought it proper that the Senate should be allowed to know their contents. also. He had understood that there were letters here from those gentlemen, stating that it would be impossible to get the disabilities of that Senator removed, unless the memorial was signed by the Republican Executive Committee.

Mr. Robbins read the letters alluded to by Mr. Sweet, and there was no allusion to the Republican Executive Committee, but the substance was about what Mr. S. had stated.

Mr. Hayes said that the facts did not appear in these letters that he alluded to, but, whether they did or not, it was a matter of no consequence. This matter had been postponed time and again. The Senator had applied before to Congress to get his disabilities removed and did not succeed, and he would not succeed this time. He hoped the motion to postpone would be voted down.

Mr. Blythe said that he had taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution of the United States. It was evident to his mind that the Senator was banned, and that was the only question for Senators to consider. He sympathized with the Senator as much as any one could, but he felt bound to vote against postponing this question any longer.

Mr. Graham said that he had given this subject his close attention and was convinced that the Senator was not banned, and if the Senate determined to push this question to a vote, he desired to be heard at length; and if he could not convince the Senate that he was not banned, he would at least leave them with many doubts on the subject. He had prepared a minority report, which he would offer at the proper time.

The discussion consumed some time—Messrs. Osborne and Robbins urging postponement, and Mr. Cook and A. H. Galloway, colored, in opposition.

Mr. Forkner offered the following amendment to the motion of Mr. Jones: *Provided* that no vote of the Senator shall be counted until the subject has been decided by the Senate; which was rejected.

The question recurring on the original motion to postpone to the 6th of January, the ayes and nays were called and the motion was lost:

AYES—Messrs. Barnes, Beeman, Brogden, Eaves, Graham, Harrington, Lindsay, Long, Love, Mason, Melchor, Osborne, Robbins, Scott, Sweet, Welker and Wilson—17.

NAYS—Messrs. Barrow, Bellamy, Burns, Blythe, Colgrove, Cook, Davis, Etheridge, Epps, colored, Forkner, Galloway, colored, Hayes, Hyman, colored, Moore, of Carteret, Moore, of Yancey, Smith and Wynne—17

The President voted in the negative.

Mr. Sweet moved to postpone until the 19th (Saturday next); which was lost.

AYES—Messrs. Barrow, Barnes, Beeman, Eaves, Graham, Harrington, Lindsay, Long, Love, Mason, Melchor, Osborne, Respass, Robbins, Scott, Sweet, Welker and Wilson—18.

NAYS—Messrs. Bellamy, Brogden, Burns, Blythe, Colgrove, Cook Davis, Etheridge, Epps, colored, Forkner, Galloway, colored, Legg, Moore, of Carteret, Moore, of Yancey, Stephens and Wynne—18.

The President voted in the negative

Mr. Osborne moved to postpone until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, which prevailed

AYES—Messrs. Barrow, Barnes, Beeman Eaves, Graham, Harrington, Hyman, colored, Lassiter, Lindsay, Long, Love, Mason, Melchor, Osborne, Respass, Robbins, Scott, Sweet, Welker and Wilson—20

NAYS—Messrs Bellamy, Brogden, Burns, Blythe, Colgrove, Cook, Etheridge, Epps, colored, Forkner, Galloway, colored, Hayes, Legg, Moore, of Carteret, Moore, of Yancey, Stephens and Wynne—16.

Mr. Graham, from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, presented the following report, to wit:

"Four of the committee have presented a report alleging that Mr. Purdie held the office of Magistrate before and during the war, was a member of the Legislature in 1858-'59, and, as such, took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States; never served in the army during the rebellion; never invested a dollar in Confederate bonds; was a private in the Home Guards, but never served unless compelled to do so. That portion of the committee believe him to be banned by the Howard Amendment, and, therefore, not entitled to his seat. Not being aware of any evidence before the committee of the above facts, but taking them to be true, these questions are presented to the Senate:

1st. Has Mr. Purdie engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof?

2d. Has the Senate a right to expel him, having once investigated his case, and sitting as a *Judge* upon his qualifications decided that he was not banned?

The word "engage" means to promise—to pledge oneself—to embark—to enter upon—to enlist. An insurrection is the rising up against the authority of the government with an intent to overthrow it—a violent resistance to lawful authority.

According to the opinion of Attorney General Stanbery, "an act to fix upon a person the offence of engaging in rebellion must be an overt and voluntary act, done with the intent of aiding and furthering the common unlawful purpose. A person forced into the rebel service by conscription, or under a paramount authority, which he could not safely disobey, and who would not have entered such service if left to the free exercise of his own will, cannot be held to be disqualified."

Again: "But officers who, during the rebellion, discharged official duties not incident to war, but only such duties as belonged to a state of peace and were necessary to the preservation of order and the administration of law, are not to be considered as thereby engaging in rebellion or as disqualified."

Again: The words "giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States" are the same used in the constitutional definition of treason, and the enemies there meant must be taken to be foreign enemies.

Can we say that the acts of Mr. Purdie amount to an actual participation? And if we have a reasonable doubt must not that doubt be resolved against the operation of the law and in favor of Mr. Purdie? Is not this the settled rule of construction in regard to penal and disabling statutes? In the opinion of Judge Underwood in the case of Cæsar Griffin he says: "It may be observed that no one is even temporarily excluded who had not only *actively engaged* in the war against the United States, but, in addition to this, he must have held an office previously, which made him a leading and representative man and which required him to take a special oath to support the constitution of the United States." Under the reconstruction acts the party who desired to vote had to take an oath and clear himself of all disability. Under the Howard amendment Congress is required to enforce by appropriate legislation this article. But admitting that the Senate has the right to judge of the qualification of its members, has not that right been exercised by the Senate and was not its decision final? In my opinion an exclusion in this case is equivalent to expulsion without cause.

Resectfully submitted,
JOHN W. GRAHAM.

On motion of Mr. Colgrove, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, 11 o'clock.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17, 1868.

Mr. Estes moved to suspend the rules and take up Senate bill No. 55. Carried.

The Clerk read the bill (to confirm certain acts of the General Assembly issuing bonds to certain railroad companies.)

Mr. Laflin said it would be recollected that some days ago he had asked a suspension of the rules to put some railroad bills on their second readings. It was refused to him. On yesterday this bill had passed its second reading after a full and frank discussion. Therefore he *moved the previous question.*

Mr. Seymour asked if he would not allow an amendment—giving the State her share in the control of the roads. Mr. L. *refused to yield.*

The call for the previous question was sustained, and on the final passage of the bill the roll was called and resulted in the following ballot:

YEAS—Messrs Ames, Ashworth, Banner, Barnett, Blair, Bowman, Candler, Carson, Carey, colored, Cawthorn, colored, Cherry, colored, Crawford, colored, Davideon, Dixon, Downing, Ellington, Estes, Forkner, colored, Foster, Franklin, French, Graham, Gunter, Harris, of Franklin, Harris, of Wake, colored, Hays, colored, Henderson, Hoffman, Ingram, Jarvis, Justice, of Henderson, Justice, of Rutherford, Kelly, of Moore, Kinney, Laflin, Leary, colored, Long, of Chatham, Mayo, colored, Moring, Morrill, Morris, colored, Painter, Pearson, Peck, Proctor, Proffitt, Renfrow, Reynolds, colored, Short, Siegrist, Sinclair, Simonds Snipes, Stilley, Sykes, colored, Vestal, Vest, Waldrop, Williams, of Harnett, Williamson, colored, Wilson and Wiswall—63.

NAYS—Messrs Boddie, Clayton, of Transylvania, Durham, Farrow, Ferebee, Gibson, Hawkins, High, Hinnant, Hodnett, Humphries, Malone, Parker, Pou, Robinson, Seymour, Shaver, Smith, of Alleghany, Smith, of Wayne, Stanton, Sweat, colored, Thompson, Welch, Whitley, Wilkie and Williams, of Sampson—27.

Mr. Estes moved to reconsider the vote. W. T. Hayes, colored, moved to lay that motion on the table. Carried.

SPECIAL ORDER, viz:

Mr. Malone's resolution providing for a committee of Conference with the Legislature of Tennessee, in regard to Internal Improvements.

Mr. Bowman hoped the House would adopt the resolution without debate, as its objects had been explained.

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Stilley gave notice that he would introduce a resolution abolishing the previous question.

On motion of Mr. Stilley, the rules were suspended and the resolution raising a Joint committee to investigate the management of the affairs of certain banks was taken up. The resolution passed its several readings.

Mr. Pou gave notice that he would offer a protest against the passage of Senate bill No. 55, and would ask to have it spread on the journal.

J. S. Leary, colored, moved to suspend the rules and take up the bill to incorporate the Silver Hill Railroad Company.—Carried. [This road proposes to run from Silver Hill, in Davidson county, to some convenient and practicable point on the N. C. Railroad.]

Mr. Mendenhall said that this bill had passed the Senate without a dissenting voice. There was not a cent asked for, all they wished was to be allowed to build. It would greatly benefit his county and add to the interest of the N. C. Railroad.

B. W. Morris, colored, moved to print and postpone until the 4th Monday in January next.

J. S. Leary, colored, said he was surprised

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1868.

Christmas Story.

We present to our weekly patrons to-day a Christmas story, written expressly for the JOURNAL by Dr. J. BRYAN PURCELL, of this city, entitled "The Spider's Nest." We are certain our readers will have reason to thank us and the gifted writer for thus remembering them during this return of the festive season. The children will be grateful, and those of larger growth can and will turn with pleasure and profit from the sickening record of corruption and malignity, which our duty as journalists compels us to publish, daily occurring in Raleigh and Washington, to this beautiful tale of domestic life, of love and adventure, inculcating lessons of morality and duty.

Too Late.

Petitions are being circulated in various portions of the State, praying the Legislature to decrease the current expenses of the government.—This is "locking in the stable after the horse is gone." The people were told during the late canvass, the profligacy and extravagance of the men in power, and the enormous taxes that would be accumulated upon them under Radical rule, and yet a majority voted to continue these men in place, and virtually sanctioned their policy. Repentance comes too late, and, were it not that the innocent are involved in the common calamity, we should say that the guilty deserve to suffer.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

This is what we expected. It is what we proclaimed through our columns and upon the stump. But it, indeed, comes too late. And if it be so in the green, what will it be in the yellow leaf? The expenses of the government have only begun. The new machinery has just been put to work, and our people may well cry out at the result. Let them wait until all the offices are created and draw full salaries; until all the appropriations are completed and the *special taxes* levied; until they are called upon to foot the bills for bribery and corruption contracted by the present Legislature, and then they may begin to realize something of their real situation. Petitions, indeed! They may as well bay the moon, as to try to turn these men away from the public treasury. They should have protested at the ballot-box, when it would have commanded obedience, and not waste their breath in idle appeals to men who will laugh at their difficulties and troubles.

It is indeed too late to petition, but too soon to complain. The time will come when petitions may avail, but the thieves who are now plundering the State must be satiated before there can be any reform. And then, too, appeals will be more eloquent and feeling, for relief will be more needed, and our ability to help ourselves less potent. Bound hand and foot to the chariot-wheels of taxes, we can hope but little from the malignant drivers, who our fears and indifference placed in power.

Our future is not promising, but we must meet it with stout hearts. Our petitions, like our sufferings in the meantime, will only produce smiles of scorn and derision from "our" rulers. Therefore, let us approach them not with prayers nor with threats, but demanding justice as our right. Let us appeal rather to the sober second thought of the people than to heartless adventurers who fatten upon our misfortunes.

The Charlotte Tragedy.

It appears now that the murder of Mr. J. A. Gleason in Charlotte, Friday evening last, was even more unprovoked and cold-blooded than is usually the case. The whole affair originated from a difficulty occurring in the street, caused by the attempt of a negro policeman to arrest a white man. A crowd naturally gathered, and among them Mr. Gleason, who suffered some violence at the hands of a negro. He then turned upon him and the fellow ran. For this Mr. Gleason was afterwards arrested and taken before the acting Mayor, and while in the office, his case undergoing investigation, he was shot and killed by one of the most vicious and violent negroes in that section, known as Lee Dunlap.

These facts we gather from the Charlotte *Times*, which paper regards it as the legitimate result of Radical teaching. The following day the negroes seemed much elated at the occurrence. A negro policeman, named Schenck, struck Mr. Gleason with his batton while he was in the act of falling when shot. The mark left on the head of the deceased showed that the blow was a severe one. This fellow Schenck, and two other negroes implicated, were arrested and confined in jail. There is no information of the arrest of the murderer.

The Legislative Proceedings

Of the Senate of the 19th inst. were principally confined to a communication presented by Mr. Robbins, relative to the purchase of a site for the Penitentiary, authorized by the last session of the Legislature. Mr. Robbins, as a member of the committee, says:

It is well known that I entirely disapprove of the action taken in the matter by the majority of said committee. Eight thousand acres of poor land, fifteen or twenty miles from the site of the Penitentiary, were purchased by the majority, at *twelve and a half dollars* per acre, when the same land changed hands at *sixty-five cents* per acre only a week or two before that time. Certainly, nothing could be more extraordinary. The purchase of such land at any price, and in such place, was useless and unwise, and in my opinion, was not authorized by the spirit and intent of the act under which that committee was appointed.

After the majority had indicated their decision I was anxious to have the whole subject submitted again to this General Assembly for its judgment, and I must express my displeasure and surprise at the haste with which the papers were executed *and the purchase money paid*, thus making the bargain, as far as possible, irreversible.

The general plan of the institution contemplated by the majority, I deem unwise and even visionary; and do not consider myself, therefore, a suitable person to assist in carrying it out.

For the foregoing and other reasons, I beg that I may be excused from further service on the committee, and that some other Senator may, if it is thought desirable, be appointed in my stead.

Very respectfully

WM. M. ROBBINS,

Raleigh, Dec. 19, 1868.

After some remarks, which passed between Messrs. Lassiter and Robbins, Mr. Rich moved that Mr. Robbins be excused from serving on the committee. Objection being raised by A. H. Galloway, colored, of New Hanover, the motion to excuse was put and lost.

The House proceedings were principally confined to the presentation of a "protest against the passage of Senate bill in regard to re-enacting and confirming the acts of the General Assembly issuing bonds to and for certain Railroads." The protest is signed by Messrs. E. W. Pou, J. C. Williams, B. R. Hinnant, Isham Sweat, G. W. Stanton, F. Thompson and T. C. Humphries, and will appear in our columns hereafter.

Written Expressly for the Journal.

THE SPIDER'S NEST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY DR. J. BRYAN PURCELL.

CHAPTER I.

COTTAGE—GRENOBLE.

From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough than we.
Scott's Marmion.

Not many miles from the mouth of the St. John's river, Florida, lived a very wealthy planter, Robert de Kimberly.—His family consisted of a fond and beautiful wife, none truer or tenderer, and a lovely child, a sweet bird that warbled all the day long on its mother's bosom. A retinue of slaves was ever in attendance. Nothing was wanting to add to the worldly pleasure of master or mistress. The slaves loved them, and this fidelity was always rewarded by bright smiles, kind looks, and a heartfelt interest in their welfare. All at the plantation was joy. The negroes toiled and sang, and, with the music of the banjo when their task was done, danced away the moonlit eve. De Kimberly was contented. He surveyed his fields, and saw his servants all happy, and he was happy. He turned to his faithful, genial partner, who to him was dearer than life, and through her eyes watched the innocent, sympathetic rays of love contained, received, reflected. Entwining the little arms round her mother's neck was the greatest, sweetest tie that binds the man to woman. In Summer season he resorted to his cottage-grenoble within hearing distance of roaring, angry, storm-lashed, foaming Atlantic. Here becoming luxury and blissful quietude held their carnival. It was the modest haunt of peace, which even the hoarse growl of the ocean did not alarm. The surrounding was that of a valley-land, in autumn ripe with yellow fields, and adorned with citron-trees and orange. Troops of reapers carolled their harvest hymns, and joyfully plied the bright sickles. On the little mountain slope they seemed a pretty picture, full of grace and harmony. The golden strands of St. John's gleamed in the distance, and what appeared to me snow-capped crags, or knolls tipped with silver. The West was flooded with all the beauties of a Southern sunset. The notes of the toilers reach my enravished ears, and

"As, in bare fields, the searching bees,
Pilot to blossoms beyond our finding,
They led me on, by sweet degrees,
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding;"

They were happy sights, and happier sounds. Then no heart was sick. No breast was aching. No love was lorn.—No chilly fright of darkening news from bloody strife crept over the palpitating bosom. No discontented home. No fearful trial. The thunder of the hostile cannon was issuing forth no reverberations. The red cross was not seen in the sky. The sword was deep in its scabbard. No howls of the conflict. All was laughter. No beat to enternecine arms. All was frolic. No ready indignation. All was civil. No right hand raised. All was grasped. The great exploits were those of fraternity. The laurel was that of emulation in doing for one's country the greatest good. No direful fury rose, but the ringing cheer of welcome. No jaundiced look, but the gentle looks of love. All wore the gladness of a cheerful aspect. No want stalked abroad. All was smiling plenty. The grape vine trailed, and was not trampled. The weary and scar-marked sons of *War* were the gleesome children of *Peace.*

Cottage-Grenoble reflected the bright side of the picture. It was in the centre of a sun-lit orange grove. Around it were seen many sequestered dells, to which the youthful excursionists found their way.—Many were entertained by the princely owner. The unsullied beauty of the landscape freshened the sight with the vernal paintings of God's lone artist, nature. The woody vales, and the whole sylvan scenery, intersected here and there with sparkling and leaping streamlets; the *gabbling geese* on the lawn or in the pool; the loud quacking ducks; the gnarled oaks, with their outspreading branches; the brightning garden of roses; the pigeons dying and lighting and cooing; the blooming, gay lilacs, and the neat cottage itself—all bespoke a bliss sublunary that cheers the soul with every human delight. Could mortal find a sweeter estivation? The interior of the cottage was as bright as all without. It was the abode of pleasure, not in excess, but as dictated by a pure mind. It was the home of the heart. In it every touch of love was felt, and ecstatic joy did shine on all. The well stocked library, the nice drawing room, the neat parlor, the comfortable dining hall, told the friendly circle that here was social incorruption. Happy thoughts. Happy smiles. Happy hearts. You found all these at Grenoble. No wonder, then, that De Kimberly basked in the sun of felicity. The straggling beggar always found him a ready helper. None was ever turned from his door cold or hungry. He would press his darling cherub daughter to his heart, and would say, "May my angel never want." And then with Hood would sing, how

——"it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

The child would prattle about the poor, and the weary and the heart-sere. The mother would bend down and kiss the "dear little thing," and pat her tenderly on the cheek.

Such was Cottage-Grenoble and its inmates before the destroyer reached its threshold, and as we saw it years agone.—The fair picture often steals in on the memory, and dispels every cloud. But no ounce of joy is without its pound of sorrow; no hour of festive mirth is ever without its long day's depression; no life is without its bitterness. The French may live on their *grand chere et beau feu.* Yet the *cheer* of man is a very small portion of his existence, and his *fire* is but kindled to be quenched.

CHAPTER II.

VIOLET.

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
Wordsworth's Poems.

"O you sweet little rose bud, you good-for-naught," said De Kimberly, kissing his daughter and taking her up in his arms. "Violet, my sweet Violet!" I stood by gazing, unseen, on the happy father, and the child still happier in having such a fond father. It was eventide. The sun was descending in a golden set, and fancy might have pictured the western horizon in many romantic shapes, tints and clouds, and various beauteous rays. The ivy-mantled cottage was dear to me. I had not seen it since last Christmas, and it was now the middle of August. The bubbling, noisy brook ran along, glimmering and skipping in the dying daylight. The gilded heavens were reflected all around about me, and a more truthful pencil than mine was needed to sketch the outline. Not more than that could mortal do. I watched for a moment the gambols of the father and the child. They seemed to watch for the dew to fall on the sleeping flowers. Violet was fond of them, and she was a violet in essence. She would never permit her father to be without a bud, or a gessamine leaf. Would I step forth and announce my arrival? Or would I await Madam de Kimberly? What was she doing? Where was she? It was so rare to find the three, the happy family, separate, that I naturally asked myself those questions. Everything was breathing a vesper sigh. Tranquility was almost tangible. But now the star of twilight approaches. The last ray has vanished. Hand in hand the father and daughter paced slowly towards the cottage. A servant was meeting them with a shawl, for Violet to ward off the damp of evening. I step forward and walk rapidly to catch up with De Kimberly. Violet was the first to see me. "Uncle Nick! Uncle Nick!" She exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"Hello, Nick, we've been expecting you the last week," said my brother. "Little Violet has been speaking about you ever since you were here, and every morning she has been in the habit of putting a rose in a vase with water, and placing it on the round table in your room, saying—'that 's for Uncle Nick.' She will not sit down to the table at breakfast unless she has a flower to pin in my button-hole, and a little bunch to stand near my plate." I had Violet in my arms. She was so much heavier! So much prettier! So many golden curls clustering *round her head!* I did not reply to De Kimberly's greeting, so busy was I caressing my little Violet, niece.

"And so you haven't forgotten Uncle Nick?"

"No, indeed. Uncle Nick has been too kind to Violet to forget him."

Another kiss.

"Uncle Nick was always kind to the poor, and he told me that I too should be kind to them. Pa is very thoughtful. And ma looks always so kindly on them when they come to the door. You remember, Uncle Nick, how last Christmas we had such a merry making, and how poor Dick Robin, whose mammy was an invalid, stayed with us, and took some of our cheer to brighten the face of his mother. We visited her, ma and I. You taught me all these things."

I thought Violet would never end telling of all that happened since I last had seen her. She was now almost eight years of age, and conversed fluently. Bright, beautiful, rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, flashing eye, silver voice, merry laugh, light-hearted thing, "a joy for ever," a flower in the bud to be frosted, and to die. I looked, gazing on her gentle spirit, so sunful, so full of the dream of future bliss.

"And my poor Violet has not forgotten her uncle?"

"No. How could Violet forget uncle Nick;" and glad tears would instantaneously spring. She was a precious flower, whose petals I could have plucked, and found beauty spots in them all. How long I stood holding little Violet to my breast I don't know. A thousand memories flashed across the brain. I was Santa Claus again, filling the hung-up stocking with candy, and with bonbons. I was again piloting my own dreary way through the drearier life. I was hurrying home with Christmas toys for my little ones. I was seeking Violet from the many merry faces that straggled in my path. All was dark. And all was bright. I felt that I could have sung a dirge. But no. I would recur to something else that sounded almost such—

"Thus on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the Mariner
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
'Here is rest and peace for thee!'"

So I thought that I had found rest at last. I was with the little angel Violet. I would soon see her mother, who, in times gone by, was my idol, and who was yet.—But she was De Kimberly's.

"What's the matter, brother," said he. "Still in a quandary?"

"About what?"

"O you know—but let us not talk of that. Here is Mary. She is delighted to see you." Sure enough there was Mary de Kimberly coming towards me from the kitchen. A sunny smile lit up her handsome face. An outstretched hand, soft as the *down in the cygnet's nest*, pressed mine.

"Glad to see you, Nicholas. We've been so long expecting you, and Violet has been almost crazy to see you. Every step at the door she would start, and cry 'that's uncle Nick.'" I was soon ensconced in my old seat in the parlor. Old times were vividly brought back to my mind. I would look in the crackling fire, and seek to rake light from the dying embers that kept tinkling in the ashes. The lightwood knot spit.—The flame passed up the chimney in wavelets. The pretty charms, the twinkling eyes so full of mischief, the precious dimples, the graceful majesty, the development of so much of the loveliness, the goodness, and the beauty of woman, the restoring balm of life which she exhaled, my own follies and consummate foolishness—all reminded me of Mary. It is said by some that—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy;"

that we are glad of soul, light of heart in the sunny days of childhood. A vision of the brightness of Eden would dash athwart the mind, and recall the joys and hopes, that had been buried. Mary was my brother's! Mary was gone! Violet, pretty Violet, the dove and beautiful one, child again, existed. I was alive. I saw all. I was among them. I was apparently happy. I was happy because they were happy. Thus is it ever in the life of some. No jealous, vengeful eye was mine. I would not bring palor to the life, nor fading to the flower. I would not make the innocent heart tremble. I would not warp in the soul of Mary, nor in the heart of Violet, the germs that were of a birth higher than this fleeting earth. For both no bliss is too supreme. No beauteous stock from classic Greece or Rome too valuable. They were my idols—the daughter on account of the mother. I would have cradled them in my love, and rocked them asleep in the glory of Heaven—I would have dawn upon them the bursting gold of morn. Yea, I would have offered up to them the wine of sacrifice. Was I to be robbed? Was I to be sacrificed? Was I to lose my earthly treasure? Was death to blight the rose? Was I to weep in the eternal shade of sorrow? Were the depths of the grave to swallow up all that on earth I held dear? Was there to be no bright wing on which I could mount the sapphyre skies with the beings I loved? Was the blue heaven, the dusky sky, to hide from me the mystle-wreath of joy?

CHAPTER III.

A VISITOR.

He who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor, frozen churl.
Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.

An evening of August near the sea, though in the far off South, is often chilly. A bright fire is there a luxury. So I thought now, as watching the sparks chasing each other I sat there with my feet resting on the burnished brass fender. I had many an anecdote for Violet. Mary was to me brighter than ever. She would chide me for not coming sooner. They had such gay doings at the cottage the week before. "Yes, Uncle Nick, Charles Vidian was here with his guns, and his dogs. And he brought a big ugly bearded man with him too."

"Whom do you mean, Violet? Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't. I don't like him. He gave me such nasty things to take when I wasn't sick at all."

"Oh," answered Mary, "she means Doctor VanOrten." And we laughed at the description.

"Why, Violet, what would the doctor say if he heard you talk so?"

"I don't know, and I don't care either. I don't like him. I like Charles Vidian. He used to take Dick Robin with him and they'd go out and hunt squirrels. He was kind to Dick Robin. Dick would run about the woods hallowing. And the hounds would bound after him. And the birds would fly away afraid. And then the gun would shoot. They would bring me home wreaths of woodbine, and nice mosses. I do love Charles Vidian and Dick Robin."

"But you must love the doctor too He loves you."

"Well, Uncle, you just tell me to love him, and I will."

"That is a good child. We must love everybody."

Tea was now ready, and we all were soon seated and chatting freely over our cups. Violet ran to me with a swelling bud, and to her pa with another. She would always smell them first, and say, "How pretty!" Every ill was forgotten in her innocent cheerful presence. But she was presently put abed, and we were alone, Mary, myself and De Kimberly.

"Bless that little child," I said, "she is as sweet as the sweetest flower of Paradise. She loves flowers, too, so much that she will *die* of their love."

"Hear Nick, Mary, talking of one dying of the love of flowers."

"O, I suppose," said Mary, "that's merely an expression."

"Exactly so. I meant nothing more.—But, De Kimberly, changing the topic, when do you expect him." Mary had stepped aside for something, and I asked this in a low tone.

"Expect whom?"

"Do you forget what you wrote me?"

"O yes."

"Well, I expect him almost hourly. He said he'd be here this evening between nine and ten, if not then, certainly at eleven. He does not want Mary to see him. He will stay an hour with us, and then depart. He is such a mystery."

"Mystery!"

"Aye, mystery."

"You know him well?"

"Well."

"I never met him but twice, and at both times, not under very pleasing circumstances. I'll study him this time. He is an impostor, no doubt. Have you observed him closely?"

"No. I can't see why he avoids Mary. He'd not explain."

"Do you think him sane?"

"I doubt of his sanity."

Mary was anxious about her child, and never permitted her to remain a long while alone. She soon left us, and retired for the night.

De Kimberly looked at his watch. "It's half past nine. Kinglake ought to be here."

"Do you still believe in Kinglake's necromancy?"

"No—I can't say I do. But there is something about the fellow that amuses me. You remember when we were boys this same hollow-eyed fortune teller followed us frequently to get our pocket money for simply looking at the lines in the palms of our hands?"

Yes, I remember very well. Time has not driven the 'lean-fac'd villain' from my memory. He told me I would never marry Mary. You see he told the truth."

"He told the truth, Nick. Any man that knew us could have told as much as he about that matter."

"I have never liked him since. I hate to see him take out that scroll he carries about him. I think he is always about to read a death warrant."

"But hark! Footsteps! They're his!" A gentle rap, rap, rap, at the door. He did not dare pull the bell. He knew the mistress sleepeth. De Kimberly cautiously opens the door and admits the necromancer, Kinglake. To me he was as forbidding and as cadaverous as ever. His grizzly beard and hang-dog look added to his general contour that of a

"——— sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man;"—

a stiff nod was the only salutation. To De Kimberly he was most graciously smiling. He had always found him an easy prey. Would he find him so now?

"Have you everything ready as I wrote you?"

"Everything, Kinglake." The pitcher, the spoon, the knife, the blood, the bread, the flowers, the gum, the rosin, the wax, the honey, the philters, the oak leaves, the eggs, the spider's web, the raven hair, the curl; everything down to the rush light."

"Where is she?"

"Who?"

"The child."

"Violet?"

"Yes."

"She sleeps."

"And her mother?"

"She also sleeps."

"'Tis well. Will *he* prove true?" Pointing at me.

"Yes. We can trust him."

Kinglake and De Kimberly went into the dining-room. I followed to see what black performance was to be enacted. On the table was spread out all the articles that have been named. De Kimberly had them concealed in the cupboard. The necromancer took the pitcher and put one quart of water in it, four fluid ounces of olive oil, two of brandy and three of honey. He then broke bread into crumbs, and mopping up the blood of sheep he carefully sprinkled this over all. He took the gum, the wax, the rosin, the oak leaves, the curl, the raven hair, the spider's web, and made them into a taper by a manipulation which I could not very well comprehend. In the centre was the rush. He stuck this in the middle of the mass. He lit it, and while it was burning he crumbled in his hand the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and sang—

Spider's web crackle,
Rosin and wax;
Raven hair brittle,
Flower and flax.
Gum brightly burn,
Oak leaves in sparks;
Here let me turn
And here make my marks.

The grim sprite had disfigured his face with some paints which he had in his pocket, and which he had communicated by means of his left hand, while he was using the right in making signs and other mysteries around the horrid-smelling mixture, which was now filling the apartment with smoke. He continued.

Here let me stoop,
And here let me kiss
The mystic now melting,
And which I'll not miss.
With this spoon,
With this knife,
I will cut and lift up
Till the bottom is seen,
Till I soon
Find the life,
Of what you hold dear,
Aye, dearer than all
The wealth of Golconda,
And India's bright gems.
I care not a needle,
I care not a pin,
For the smoke curling 'bout me,
Till I find the right thing.
Taper crackle, taper crackle;
Blue flamed brandy
Fly on high,
Till thy odor reach the rafter,
Till it seeks
The azure sky.
Gum, and rosin,
Raven hair,
Spider's web,
And flower fair,
Spit, and blow,
Emit thy gasses,
And be ready me to tell,
What it is me so harasses
And long keeps me
From the spell.

De Kimberly was nervously looking on at this rite which, to me, was a most silly and superstitious ceremony. However, the more grotesque a thing is at times the more prone we are, even the wisest of us, to regard complacently the whole proceedings, and even find it a source of enjoyment. This strange taper was burning pretty rapidly. The divinator was silent. The pitcher would be in a blaze presently. What then? Kinglake looked more like an emissary from below than a child of earth. He was stooped and was regarding intently the flickering rush light with its quaint envelopments. He mutters. He is strangely convulsed.

Spider's web!
Spider's web!
I hear it, and see it,
I know it, and feel it.
A voice, sweet voice!
From the tomb.
O it's quiv'ring,
And it's thrilling,
A plain, said voice—
'Tis a child—
A dear child—
A sweet child—
'Tis your child!
Hear it singing,
And it's bringing
A Flower in its hand—
Its little head—
It's tossing, tossing—
Now it's wild—
O the child.
It is dying, dead—
It's gone.

Kinglake upset the pitcher, and darting a savage look at De Kimberly, fled the house. I turned round, and there I saw pale and trembling the stiff form of Mary. Her eyes were rivited sadly on her husband. He was mute. I was almost petrified. Grenoble seemed more the abode of some spirit of another world than the peaceful dwelling of a quiet family.

O the child—
It is dying, dead—
It's gone.

The last words of Kinglake. The first words she spoke.

"Whose child? O, that monster has been here! He will destroy our happiness. Whose child? O, not mine, not mine," and she wept, falling on De Kimberly's bosom. I sought my room to shut out, if possible, the dark picture, and to give thought to nobler ones and purer.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATAL BOQUET.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute—
Bring flowers—the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!
Miss Landon.

I could not rest that night. I tossed heavily about on my pillow. I got up and sat near the window, looking out on the *ominous moon.* A light mist hung before it as a veil. I cowered in my chair. I was not afraid. The hooting owl alarmed me not, nor the bats that flitted about, and crept, and fluttered in the ivy. I looked down into the garden. I trembled as an aspen leaf. I did not fear. What did I see? Was it the returned necromancer with his scowl and spells? No. Something was in the distance. Its eyes are on me. Cowardice is not my portion. I was no dreamer. This was not a dream. I saw something. It was on my favorite walk. It was standing by Violet's parterre. I strained my sight to define the outline. I did not believe in ghosts or babbling goblins. The image was becoming more distinct. It stooped, and picked a few flowers and tied them in a bunch together. It looks like a little child, a little girl. What! It is Violet herself. I must, I thought, be dreaming. This was all a fantasy. But no. There she was, and looking up at me. I walked out. What could she be doing out there at that hour when I knew her to be in her cot sleeping? Was it a presentment? When I reached the garden the vision was gone. Nothing was there. There it was again, my little niece. I do not stand. I return. She follows. It is her shade. I go back to my room. I endeavor to close my eyes. There now. See! At my window the shadow came. It tapped—

"I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat thrills down all o'er my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water."

I must be in a stupor. This cannot but be an idle dream. I went to my desk. I would collect my thoughts. I placed both hands to my brow. I covered my face. I moved uneasily in my chair. What could that have been? Not my sweet Violet. O no, not she. It was impossible. Yet there was her angelic countenance. She was so pale! What was the matter? Dead? O God, no, not dead. I awoke. The cheering rays of a bright sun streamed on me through the window. I thought of the vision in my sleep, and I laughed at the vagaries of my troubled mind. Soon, and I saw that it was all an idle fancy. For there at the breakfast table was my sweet devoted Violet. She had a nice boquet for me, and one for her father. She had been already out in the dewy morn gathering them, and bright dew drops were still glittering and trembling on their leaves. Her silvery laugh as she handed me mine showed me the fallacy of my restless night. I nevertheless looked upon her sadly. She ran to De Kimberly and, smelling the bunch of flowerets, presented them with her sweetest, "here, dear father." She slightly *sneezed.* She was so cherry red, more beautiful than I had ever beheld her.

We had all apparently forgotten the adventure of the night previous. None of us cared to recur to the presence of Kinglake in the house. Madam de Kimberly could not bear his name mentioned in her presence. Why, I could never learn. Probably because she had no faith in his charms. But why did he avoid her? Why did he dash out of the house the moment he was aware of her presence? Here was a mystery I had to ravel. How could it be done? Seek Kinglake? Where? Find out from him? How? The matter was not so feasible. Still there was never a knot that could not be untied, and never a sock that could not be unraveled. I was determined to find out the retreat of Kinglake; to beard the lion in his den. He lived somewhere, hermit like, in the neighborhood, report said, in a cave known as the "Bloody-Rock." Here he hoarded his ill gotten gain. He was darkness in the day. At night he was an evil light. His coffers were full of gold and precious gems. I would discover his retreat. I would watch him. I would learn the reason of his dislike for Madam de Kimberly. This would be the best medicine for my mind; my brain would not be at ease till the discovery was made. This wild man or wizzard man, or fiend, must be made to disgorge his knowledge, whether that knowledge lead to good or evil. I would not start immediately. I would not make inquiries of De Kimberly and Mary. That would be suspicious. I would abide my time, and leave the rest to the guidance of God.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUNT.

My hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of Kings:
Image of war without its guilt.
Somerville's Chase.

"Uncle Nick," said Violet, "we are going to have a hunt to-day, and Dick Robin is to take me."

"Won't you go with me, Violet?

Violet put her hands to her face, and looked rather bashful, and her bright eyes twinkled as she answered, turning them on me—

"Dick has been always so kind to me, uncle, and you know he is poor, and he would feel hurt if Violet would not go with him. The other day he asked me, and I told him I would go. But uncle you will be with us. We 'll be all together."

"We may get scattered, Violet?"

"Dick will be always alongside of Violet, and if you love me, you will be too."

"Who else is coming, Violet?"

"Charles Vidian, with his big gun and his shaggy dogs, and pa says that Dr. VanOrten will come also."

The child hesitated a little in mentioning the name of the latter. Yes, Grenoble was to be the scene of a chase, a fox chase around the plains. Anything to forget for awhile the gloom which the past evening had cast upon me. I could not be sad in the cheerful presence of Violet. That was impossible. Every preparation was made. The dapple grey was brought out and saddled for Violet. The black mare for Mary, and Dane-geld, and Dandy-prat for myself and De Kimberly. The morning was balmy. A clear sky, and an atmosphere redolent with the distilling fragrance of yellow August. I disported with the child on the green. De Kimberly was pensive. He was evidently thinking of Kinglake and his warning. Mary was within busy in preparing something for lunch, as we intended not to return till evening. Perhaps we would ride over to the plantation.

"O, uncle, here's Dick Robin," said Violet, running to meet him. Robin was a poor widow's son, and he loved his mother as the apple of his eye.—His character was gentle and christian, an emblem of God's elect. There was very little in him of the waywardness of youth. He was young, and was struggling against adversity. His mother was the sanctuary of his affection, and it was this modest show of filial piety that first attracted the attention of Mary. De Kimberly was his friend, and Violet loved him in her child-like way, and would whisper in his ear those soothing thoughts which spring from an innocent heart.

Following on the heels of Dick Robin, were Charles Vidian and Doctor VanOrten. The greeting was general, though Violet was not very demonstrative to the Doctor. The dashing Vidian had his dogs along as usual, and a very suspicious, uneasy thing in a bag which the hounds would snuff at now and then, jump and bark, and run around in the most frantic manner.—This day's sport was for Violet. We were all to cater to her enjoyment. Dick Robin put her on her poney, and then he jumped on his own and rode close to her side. I took the other side. Vidian spurred ahead with his canine troop. VanOrten was whipper-in, and De Kimberly and Mary followed behind. Now for a trot, and we trotted. Now for a gallop, and we sped forward. Violet rode well. Her poney was a most gentle creature.

"To 'Bloody-Rock!" To 'Bloody-Rock!" shouted Vidian. "We may meet Kinglake, and if we do, we'll make him join us in the sport."

Luckily, Mary was in deep conversation with De Kimberly, and heard not the words of Vidian. I rode quickly up to him, and cautioned him not to mention the necromancer's name any more. Onward we rode, now in a canter, now in a gallop, now in a walk, now caracoling. We turned into a plain east of "Bloody-Rock." It was my wish that it be avoided. Violet was delighted. The ride had brought out into full bloom the roses of her cheeks.—She was all joy and prattle. We alighted on the summit of a knoll. Green trees and towering cone-capped pines shaded the ground. A brooklet simpered in the sun, and bright plumaged birds gayly twittered in the copse, and sang their roundelays of love. No carol of bird was there more charming than the silver voice of Violet.

"Hark! that sweet carol! what delights,
The scene no more is dumb,—"

Violet shone there as precious as the daffodil, and as golden as the yellow primrose. Had Homer lived in our day he would have been along to sing Violet the darling of his race, and would have invoked a goddess to descend to decorate the scene and join in the sport. Charles Vidian was at a distance adjusting things for the coming chase. VanOrten had charge of the dogs. A troublesome charge! I was lolling on the grass, chatting with De Kimberly and Mary. Dick Robin and Violet were skipping about playing bobolink, resembling two lambkins, whose merry tones commingling with the brooklet's simmering noise, sounded not unlike baa, baa, baa. They went cockahoop over the green velvet sward. Dick would throw a pebble into the fenny side of the water and perhaps start a dabchick to the infinite glee of Violet. Or he would steal away, run up a tree and cry like a a cockatoo.

"All ready!" exclaimed Charles Vidian.

"All ready!" shouted all.

Robin and Violet left off their tricks. They were to sit on the knoll, and view thence the chase. I, VanOrten and Vidian were to follow the hounds. A vantage of three hundred yards was given to Mr. Reynard. It kept Vidian busy to prevent the cunning fellow from eating his way out of the sack. But he is soon to have liberty enough. Violet is all anxiety. She would not let Dick Robin leave her.

The fox is out of the bag. The hounds are in hot pursuit. On we ride at full speed. The wily fox is making for "Bloody-Rock." If he reach it he will be safe.—He turns. He counter-runs. Now he's in the brush. The brush is too shallow to screen him. Now he's in a ravine. The hounds are wild. We're close upon the fox. I try to head him off from the "Bloody-Rock." I distance the dogs.—I'm almost up with the fox. One leap more. One rush through the low bushes. One tumble, and he is rolling headlong into a cave. It is the cave of the "Bloody-Rock." The hounds were about me. They snuffed at the entrance. But they cowered, and dared not enter. Vidian and Van Orten joined me.

"Well, Nick," said Vidian, "we have driven him in to keep company with Kinglake. They say he lives here."

"So I've been informed."

I then narrated to them the strange dark scene which I had witnessed, and that it was my resolve to find out this wild rambling rhabdomancer. "I believe, doctor, that is what you professionall men call him who practises divination by a rod or wand?"

"Confound the fellow," petulently ejaculated Vidian. "I believe he has bewitched the fox, and taken him to himself.—Nick, you must let me accompany you. I would like to give that Kinglake such a dose as he compounds for his black art."

"I must be of the number," added Van Orten.

I would be glad to have their company. There is luck in odd numbers, and three, I think, is of all numbers the luckiest. We cantered back to the party with disappointment in our looks. Violet wanted the fox. But the fox was gone. We partook of the nice sandwiches of Mary, and assisted their mastication with glasses of the good old Samshoo, imported sixty years before by grandfather Nick, and after whom I was called.

It was near sunset when we reached cottage-grenoble. Vidian and the doctor consulted with me as to when we would undertake the exploration of "Bloody-Rock." I fixed upon that day month. I wished to cast upon all proceedings of the kind an unsuspicious look.

De Kimberly and Mary were happy again. The day's sport had banished from them every thought of Kinglake. Violet was fatigued. She invited Dick Robin to tea. Dick took tea, and then departed, taking with him several presents for his mother, the gifts of Violet. Violet complained of headache. Her mother bathed her feet in hot water, and then put her in her little cot to find "tired nature's sweet restorer." We were all soon seeking the same soothing balm.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAVE OF THE BLOODY-ROCK.

Now cave-pierced rocks there rose up everywhere,
And gaunt old trees, of leaves and fruit all bare.
Morris' Earthly Paradise.

I was spending pleasant days at Grenoble. I noticed, however, that Violet was unusually nervous. She was losing her bright complexion. The rose was forsaking her cheeks. She was constantly complaining of her head. Nothing serious was apprehended. VanOrten, when called in, would laugh, and say, "Oh, that will pass away." It was drawing near the appointed day for the exploration of the cave of the Bloody-Rock. I was sufficiently at home now at the cottage to pass a day or two elsewhere without exciting comment. I held a private interview with the doctor concerning the undertaking.—He was heart and soul in the scheme. He knew very little of the location, but a great deal of its strange inmate.

"Vidian," he would answer, "knows the abode well. I heard him state that he, with two companions, in their school days, attempted the exploration. He says, too, that it leads to an Indian mausoleum."

This information was new. I was to meet Vidian next day. VanOrten would be at the rendezvous. I was very anxious about Violet, she was growing so listless, so less of the kindling flame of youth.—Had Kinglake anything to do with this? O, I was more than ever bent to ferret him out; to visit his dark abode; to catch him at his black manipulations, spells and incantations. He was afraid of Mary.—That was evident. Were he brought in her presence would that destroy his art and reveal his design? This was no vagary. Time will disclose the mystery. Now for the interview.

I met Charles Vidian at the time and place appointed. I had excused myself at the cottage. I probably would be back in twenty-four hours. If I were not they were not to feel at all uneasy. VanOrten soon made his appearance.

"How is precious Violet?" asked Vidian.

"She's not so well. She seems to be drooping. We can't discover the cause."

"I'll wager that that Kinglake, with the

'Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls,'

has thrown a spell around cottage-Grenoble, and has left a chill behind him to wither the cherry cheeks of Violet."

"It may be as you say. But I don't believe in his power. I will snap it as I will the reed which he carries, and in which he insinuates lies so much of the potency of his craft."

"All right, Nick; I'm heart and hand with you."

"And I too," responded the doctor.

We took with us whatever we thought might be needed—a lamp, a couple of boxes of matches; and vizards not only to protect our faces, but also to serve as a disguise. We went a devious path and on foot, the better to subserve our purpose. Coming within sight of the Bloody-Rock we were precautious enough to keep in the thicket which surrounded it for several acres. It was impossible for any one on the highway to see us. We were silent, steady and inflexible. Happen what may we were determined to fully carry out the design.

"It's a pity," said VanOrten, breaking silence, "that so true a character as this Kinglake should resort to such a nefarious manner of living."

"I was never acquainted with any other trait of his character than that which reflects those demoniacal deeds which have been imputed to him. I have always heard it said that he is a bad man."

"A mere hearsay," responded VanOrten. We ought to suspend judgment till we find him guilty."

"You seem his champion, VanOrten?"

"No, Mr. Nicholas, I'm nobody's champion."

"Good for VanOrten!" rejoined Vidian. "See! He steps forth with the pride of a German, the poverty of a French Marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier."

"Three noble qualities! I thank you, Vidian, for the compliment. Foote never dealt so generously with those words. I am proud of my ancestry; poor because I'm a doctor; brave and as faithful as any member of the Swiss Guard."

Vidian gave a long whistle.

"I can claim those three great qualifications for Kinglake."

I and Vidian started at this announcement. We regarded each other with surprise. VanOrten was calm and smiling.

"Well, if this isn't coolness, I don't know what is," I muttered inwardly.

"I hope VanOrten you'll not turn traitor, and turn us over to the clement claws of Kinglake?"

I looked at him steadfastly as I asked him this question. He answered me mildly.

"

Wilmington Journal
EXTRA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 7, 1868.

THE MEETING LAST NIGHT.—A large number of delegates from the various parts of the county and from the Democracy of the city met in accordance with the call for a County Democratic Convention, at the Democratic Club Room last evening.

On motion of Maj. Engelhard, Mr. Dougald McMillan was chosen Chairman and John J. Hedrick and D. G. Worth, Esqs., chosen Vice-Presidents.

Messrs. John E. Spearman and T. L. Colville were requested to act as Secretaries.

On motion of Maj. Stedman a Committee of five was appointed by the Chairman to prepare resolutions for the meeting. Maj. Chas. M. Stedman, D. R. Murchison, John M. Middleton, T. J. Armstrong and Maj. Jas. Hines were appointed as the Committee.

Maj. D. Devane, being loudly called for, delivered a handsome speech—when the Committee, through Maj. Stedman, submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved, That this Convention re-endorses the proceedings of the late ratification meeting of the Democratic party held in the city of Wilmington, promising untiring industry to secure the election of Seymour and Blair, believing that the prosperity, peace and future interests of the whole country depend upon the success of our cause in the approaching campaign.

Resolved, That we hail with unbounded satisfaction the intense enthusiasm which has been manifested in all parts of the country—North as well as South—in the choice of our standard bearers, and the principles as enunciated in the National Democratic platform; that we see foreshadowed in these demonstrations the approaching fall of that party which has overturned the fundamental doctrine of our government, plunged the nation into chaos, and which, if unchecked, will destroy the last vestige of constitutional liberty.

Resolved, Believing that a united effort is only required to drive from power the merciless crew who are misruling our people, we cordially endorse the call for a State Convention to be held in Raleigh on the 13th instant, that we may consult together for what we concieve to be the honor and safety of the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That this meeting, through its Chairman, appoint one hundred delegates to represent the county of New Hanover in said Convention.

On motion of Sheriff Bunting, it was

Resolved, That in addition to the delegates appointed by the Chair, we hereby request all good Democrats of this county who can attend the Raleigh Convention, to act as delegates.

The Hon. O. P. Meares being called on, addressed the meeting in his usual happy style, and was followed by Major Chas. M. Stedman, who roused the enthusiasm of the meeting to its highest point by the stirring strains of his eloquence.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

Daily Journal, 5th.

A MELANCHOLY AFFAIR—FATAL SHOOTING.—From gentlemen arriving in this city by the Fayetteville boats, we learn of a melancholy affair in which Mr. Thomas C. Lutterloh, son of Mr. Thomas S. Lutterloh, was shot and fatally injured by a young man named Bryant Gilbert, at Willis' Creek, 19 miles below Fayetteville, and 101 miles above this city, on Sunday night last. Mr. Lutterloh, it appears, is proprietor of a turpentine distillery at Willis' Creek, and rents his premises from a Mr. Wright, an uncle of Gilbert's. This young man, together with his cousin, young Wright, had engaged Mr. Lutterloh's distiller to cook them supper, and, being in a state of intoxication at the time, became involved in a quarrel with the negro, who was shot at by Gilbert twice, with no effect, however. This was about twelve or one o'clock, and some of the other negroes called up Mr. Lutterloh, who endeavored to stop the disturbance, and finally succeeded in taking Gilbert's pistol from him. Wright then threw Gilbert his pistol, crying out, "take it and shoot him." Gilbert then seized Wright's pistol and fired at Mr. Lutterloh without effect. Mr. Lutterloh still persisting quietly in the attempt to gain possession of the pistol, Gilbert fired at him a second time, the ball then taking effect in the abdomen, inflicting a fatal injury. Mr. Lutterloh lingered in much suffering until about 1 o'clock the following day, when he expired. Gilbert has been arrested by the authorities, and is now in jail.

The victim of this abominable act was a young man of most estimable character and upright habits. From a long personal acquaintance with him, amid the temptations of camp life, we can ourself bear testimony of this fact. He was generally esteemed by all his friends. Gilbert was, previous to the war, a school boy in this city, and of an exceedingly turbulent and violent disposition.

Daily Journal, 5th.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—We have been furnished by Mr. Jas. Macomber, acting Clerk of the new Board of Aldermen, a copy of the official proceedings of the last meeting of the Board, so far as were deemed sufficiently important to warrant publication.

The following resolutions relative to an investigation and exhibit of the financial transactions of the former Board were passed:

Resolved, That the Finance Committee of this Board be ordered to investigate and prepare from the records of the late Board of Aldermen (and as far back as this Board may direct) an exhibit of all monies received and expended on account of the city government to the end that the public may be made acquainted with the management and standing of the municipal affairs of the city.

Resolved 2d, That the report of this Committee be published in the papers of the city, *provided* no compensation shall be allowed for such publication.

The following resolution in regard to the publication of the official proceedings hereafter, was also introduced and passed:

Resolved, That the official proceeding of this Board shall be published in one or more of the city papers for the information of the public.

The resolution below looking to the formation or re-organization of the police force was also adopted and became incorporated in the proceedings:

Resolved, That the Police Committee be directed to inquire into the expediency of re-organizing the police force, so that it shall consist of 1 Captain, 3 Sergeants, 6 Corporals and 24 privates.

The Police Committee were further instructed in their selections and recommendations for appointments on the force they should have a view specially to these three qualifications in the applicant: A good moral character, temperate habits and sound body.

The Marshal was directed to assemble the present police force and ascertain what members thereof intended resigning if colored men were placed on the force. Such of them as proposed remaining in this event were requested to hand in their applications at once.

A Special Committee on applications for offices other than police was appointed, to consist of E. R. Brink, Geo. W. Price, Sen., (colored,) and H. Kuhl. This Committee is also to make recommendations from the list of applicants.

Daily Journal, 5th.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT—APPOINTMENT OF STANDING COMMITTEES.—The new Board of Aldermen have made the following appointments of standing committees from their own number for the purpose of conducting the city affairs during their term of office:

On Finance—Geo. Z. French, E. R. Brink, Lawson Rice.

On Streets and Wards—The Mayor, E. R. Brink, D. Rumley.

On Police—The Mayor, E. T. Hancock, Geo. W. Price, Sen., (colored).

On Public Buildings—The Mayor, Geo. Z. French, Henry Kuhl.

On Fire Department—The Mayor, Lawson Rice, Wm. Kellogg (colored)

Commissioner of Sinking Fund—E. T. Hancock.

Daily Journal, 5th.

MARKET REPORT.—The Clerk of the market, Mr. L. M. Williams, has favored us with his regular monthly report of the number of beeves and sheep slaughtered for this market during the month of July. It is as follows:

Thos. A. Johnson & Bros.....	Cattle	42	Sheep	192
Jere. J. King & Son.....	"	40	"	161
Jno. F. Garrell.....	"	31	"	70
Wm. E. Davis.....	"	26	"	16
Geo. F. Bapler & Tilley.....	"	16	"	30
Isaac King.....	"	18	"	28
Capp & Douglas.....	"	12	"	06
Jno. Cowan.....	"	06	"	12
		191		515

L. M. WILLIAMS,
Clerk of the Market.

And Still They Come!

The Cleveland Plaindealer says the Hon. Richard Gregg, of Aurora, Dearbon county, a life-long Whig, and a Republican at the organization of that party, came out in a public speech in Aurora, last week for Seymour and Blair.

ANOTHER TRAITOR.

The Warrick Herald is greatly disgusted because Mr. C. D. Robertson, hitherto a strong Republican, has renounced that party, and made a speech at a Seymour ratification meeting in Boonville a few days since. It calls him a "traitor," "renegade," &c.—New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger.*

Charles Morris, of Troy, Ohio, who was a Radical Senator in that State, has come out in opposition to Grant and joined the Democratic party. He is a man of great influence in his party, which is now without a leader in Miami County, and the Democrats now hope to carry the county, which has heretofore been Radical by from 500 to 1000 majority. Several Radical newspapers in Ohio have also changed front and now have the names of Seymour and Blair at their head. And the cause goes bravely on.

OUR STATESVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

STATESVILLE, N. C., Aug. 1, 1868.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The *Journal* continues to make its regular visits, in a manner uniting the "Seaboard and Mountains," and is always perused with interest for its freshness and vigorous articles, political and otherwise. It deals its blows at the right time, in the right place, and its influence is a power in the State. This is not designed for compliment, but is well-known truth.

The nominations of Seymour and Blair meets with a hearty response in this section of the State, and our people intend to work with a will to elect them. Conservatism is gaining ground every day, and Radical principles declining.

The proposition of Holden for a standing army of six thousand men is opening the eyes of the people to the monstrous innovation of tyranny, and the degraded man who "writes himself Governor of North Carolina," is being openly denounced by a large number, who by their votes placed him in office. They now perceive the *bastard* Governor in his true colors, and know that his designs are as base as his birth.

Gov. Vance passed here this morning *en route* to Wilkesboro', where he had been invited to address the citizens of that county, upon the issues of the day, and it would be worth a trip of a hundred miles to hear him. I hear that many changes are going on in Wilkes, and it will not be surprising if that county, *even* should go for Seymour and Blair.

A county meeting has been called to assemble at this place to-morrow, for the purpose of ratifying the nominations, organizing clubs, and appointing delegates for various purposes, looking to future action. Iredell intends, if possible, to be the "banner county" in November; let others look to their laurels.

I notice that many of the Wilmington people are seeking health in the mountain region, and hope that they will not be disappointed, and I think they will not.—Some of them have come to this place, and I learn of others on the way. Statesville will form a pleasant resort for as many as can obtain accommodations. The climate is healthful, water pure, and the country affords abundant supplies at comparatively low prices. The place is the most moral town of its size in the interior, and society plain but excellent.

Bishop Atkinson preached to a large congregation in the Court House, at this place, last Sabbath, and confirmed one. About a dozen partook of the Holy Communion. From here the Bishop went to "Catawba Springs," to spend a couple of weeks before pursuing his journey Westward. He appeared in fine health. Rev. R. W. Barber, of Wilkesboro', officiates here once a month.

Timely and seasonable rains have visited this portion of the State, benefiting the corn and other growing crops immensely, and the prospect for abundance is most flattering.

Here, as elsewhere, crimes are occasionally committed. Last week a negro boy, some sixteen years old, attempted to outrage the person of a most respectable widow lady residing in the country, which was effectually resisted. He was captured, and is now in jail at this place. On the following night the store of Messrs. Morrison, Rosebro & Lewis, in this place, was entered by a false key, and about $300 of assorted merchandize taken. No discovery of the thief has yet been made.

The Female College at this place will reopen on the first Monday in September, under the Presidency of Pof. E. F. Rockwell, and an efficient corps of assistants.—The College never was in better hands, and I hope that the citizens of Wilmington will patronize it liberally by sending their daughters. The rates of tuition have been much reduced, while the grade of learning will be raised higher. Books will be supplied at publisher's prices. And patrons are fully assured that all the Professors are *Southern in feeling*, in interest, and have not at any time exulted in the misfortunes that have come upon the South.

IREDELL.

For the Journal.

Conservative Meeting in Brunswick Co.

Messrs. Editors: At a meeting of the Conservative party, held at Smithville August 1st, 1868, and called for the purpose of appointing delegates to the Convention to be held in Raleigh on the 13th inst., the following proceedings were had, viz:

The meeting was organized by calling Owing D. Holmes to the Chair, and requesting Jacob A. S. Price and Thos. D. Grissom to act as Secretaries; when the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we heartily approve of, and cordially endorse, the nomination of Seymour and Blair as our candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States, and will use every honorable effort to secure for them a victory in the November election.

Resolved, That the Democratic platform is broad and wide enough to carry all who truly love their country and desire its prosperity above mere personal or party aggrandisement, and we hereby offer the hand of friendship to all good citizens throughout the length and breadth of the country who are true to the Constitution, and who are willing to lay aside all sectional prejudices and go in for those measures which will secure happiness and prosperity for the whole people.

Resolved, That we approve of holding a Convention in Raleigh on the 13th inst. for the purpose of nominating an electoral ticket, and consulting together for the interests of the party and the State, and we recommend the appointment, by the Chair, of fifty delegates to represent Brunswick county in that Convention.

The following persons were appointed delegates, viz: Messrs. D. S. Cowan, Jos. Green, James H. Prichett, Jordan Wollard, J. M. Sykes, J. C. Rowell, D. C. Allen, Salter Lloyd, Wesley Hodge, T. C. McIlhenny, T. M. Williams, Wm. Waters, John D. Taylor, Rufus Galloway, Dr. F. W. Potter, Thos. McKethan, Charles Mercer, J. A. S. Price, G. W. Swain, T. G. Drew, J. H. Galloway, Wm. McRackan, J. C. Swain, C. C. Morse, David Gilbert, Absalom Ward, Rufus D. Hewett, Alfred Brown, Franklin Galloway, A. L. Dew, J. D. Pigott, Dennis Cannon, F. M. Galloway, D. L. Frink, Sam'l Stanaland, Sam'l Bell, Sam'l Frink, Peter Rourk, Dr. A. T. Tolson, D. R. Bennett, John Hughes, Jno. B. Gause, Wm. Drew, Joseph Davis, Franklin Swain, S. W. Westcott, Peter L. Sellers.

On motion, the Chairman was added to the list of delegates, when, there being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

OWEN D. HOLMES, Ch'n.

J. A. S. PRICE, T. D. GRISSOM, } Secretaries.

Wilmington Star and Raleigh Sentinel please copy.

For the Journal.

Democratic Meeting at Sandy Run.

At a meeting of the citizens of Topsail District at Sandy Run, on the 31st day July, 1868, for the purpose of organizing a Seymour and Blair Club, D. McMillan, Esq., was requested to act as Chairman, and Dr. J. C. Shepard as Secretary.

On motion of Maj. C. W. McClammy, the Chair appointed R. J. Nixon, L. W. Howard, Maj. C. W. McClammy, Nunan Atkinson and James King, a committee to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting.

After an absence of a few minutes the committee submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, we recognize the duty incumbent upon every friend of constitutional liberty to contribute in whatever way he can to the success of that party, which has for its aim the preservation of the same. Be it

Resolved, That we hail with delight the manifestations of friendship on the part of those *who brave in war are just in peace*, and that we reciprocate their fraternal action and assure them of our hearty co-operation in the campaign just opened.

Resolved 2d. That the only hope of our Republic is vested in the overthrow of the despotic faction, which the will of tyrants has created without regard to law or right for the punishment of virtue and the reward of vice.

Resolved 3rd. That we regard the platform adopted by the late National Democratic Convention as the true exponent of the principles of that party, to which we are so much indebted for past greatness, and in the success of which alone can we hope for future happiness.

Resolved 4th. That we recognize in Horatio Seymour the incorruptible statesman and sterling patriot, whose firm devotion to Union and Liberty eminently fit him for the honor of being the representative of the party; and that we no less acknowledg, no less appreciate the manly sentiments of his noble associate, Frank P. Blair, the magnanimous soldier who has the will to prompt and the energy to execute whatever is essential to the preservation of constitutional liberty.

Resolved 5th. That we earnestly invite the co-operation of all who desire the triumph of right, the preservation of the Constitution and the transmission of its glorious immunities unimpaired to our posterity, as the sacred inheritance which our fathers left us, and which we will never yield to the craven foe without a struggle worthy of its perpetuation.

Resolved 6th. That we organize in this District a Seymour and Blair Club.

Resolved 7th. That the Chairman of this meeting appoint ten delegates to represent this District in the County Convention to be held in Wilmington, on August 4th, 1868.

The Club was organized with D. McMillan, Esq., as President, Maj. C. W. McClammy, J. W. Westbrook, J. W. Williams and L. W. Howard, Vice Presidents; Dr. J. C. Shepard, Corresponding and Recording Secretary; J. T. Foy, Treasurer.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be furnished the Journal and Star for publication.

D. MCMILLAN, President.

J. C. SHEPARD, Secretary.

Judge Robert M. Briggs, the ablest lawyer in Fayette County, Ohio, and heretofore the leading Republican in that County delivered an able speech, last evening, giving his reasons for supporting Seymour and Blair. Such changes are common.

Potatoes weighing four pounds each, raised in fifteen weeks from the day of planting, without irrigation, were offered last month in the San Diego, California market.

In a shop window in the Rue Richelieu, Paris, men's shirts are ticketed at three thousand francs (six hundred dollars in gold) the dozen.

A paymaster of the regular army, who has been in the service twenty years, says every thousand men costs now one million and a half per annum.

The orange crop in Florida is unusually promising, and has been generally engaged at twenty dollars a thousand. Other tropical fruits are growing finely.

From the New York Express.

"THE RIGHT TO VOTE"--A NEGRO SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, OF VIRGINIA.

It was a glorious thing, they said—
This freedom that they talked about—
This rgiht to come and go, without
Question or beck, or bar, instead
Of slavish cringing—as they said.

I'm sure I have not found it so;
I'd rather hear my master say—
"We cannot spare you Tom to-day;
Your work counts double, as you know."
Ah, well—I own I liked it so!

Yes I am free to straggle West,
Or idle Northward, if I choose;
Who marks how many days I lose?
Who praises when I do my best;
Who cares to chide, aye—East or West.

You talk of "suffrage"—Did the vote
I cast on Monday at the polls,
Like any white man—mend the holes
Wore in my old plantation coat?
I've got the puffering and the vote.

My wife keeps crooning in my ear;
My ragged wild ones at my heels,
Rave of the merry cotton fields,
And of the happy huskings' cheer;
And moan and murmuring fill my ear.

O, for one hour of the old days!
When all the "quarters" came at night,
To gossip in our cabin bright,
And dance the pine-knots' blaze
We'll never, never know such days!

Then, all the cost and all the care
We left within our master's hand,
Without a wish to understand;—
Believing the division fair:
Th' exemption our's, and his—the care.

No Christmas visions of brave clothes
And dainties from "the house" arise
To taunt my children's gaping eyes,
As shivering at the coming snows,
They cower beneath their tattered clothes.

Instead—I have *your* leave your vote!
Why, sirs! my imps who've learned to write
Their nameless names in black and white,
Lack food and fire and shoe and coat,
Give these—and *keep* your right to vote!

From the Charleston News.

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM—A DEMOCRATIC BATTLE SONG.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

Men of the South, awake, arise;
The star of Hope is shining;
The clouds which long have veiled our eyes
Now show their "silver lining,"
Men of the South, be strong, be bold,
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Long have ye groaned beneath the heel
Of iron-clad oppression;
Long have your hearts been made to feel
All species of aggression,
But now the tyrant's hours are told,
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Men of the South, brook no delay,
Beneath that banner rally;
"Gird up your loins" to join the fray,
And forth to victory sally.
No more your arms supinely fold,
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Your Northern brethren greeting send,
While for the conflict banding;
Go forth with them, as friend with friend,
Shoulder to shoulder standing.
In the great cause let none be cold,
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Fight fiercely and with bated breath,
With ardor and with bravery;
It must be, "victory or death,"
Or worse, for proud hearts, slavery.
Shake from our land the tyrants hold;
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

From North to South, from East to West,
The cry to arms is sounding,
And lightly in each gallant breast
The freeman's pulse is bounding;
While far and wide, the tale is told,
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Roll, roll the ball, the tidings spread,
Ring out the joyous story,
The charge by gallant Hampton led,
Must needs lead on to glory.
Men of the South, be strong, be bold;
The flag of freedom is unrolled.

Charleston, July 28.

A Radical paper in Texas has "John Swindles" at its editorial head. To which Prentice remarks—"Does he? We should have judged as much."

A homesick dog traveled alone, and doubtless on foot, from Kentucky to Missouri, 900 miles, and reached his old kennel by instinct.

The Pall Mall Gazette calls for an order from the Home Secretary to close balls at one in the morning in the interest of young men and dowagers.

Young lady in chemist's shop—Have you any "Kid Reviver," Mr. Bottles? Chemist—No, Miss, but we have the "Infant Restorative."

The Springfield Republican declares that the choice of Presidential electors by the Legislatures of the southern States would be a fraud upon the people.

A negro, who announced himself in London as the "great African Blondin," had a fall and smashed himself generally the other day.

Thurlow Weed writes that he had strawberries and watermelons all the way over the Atlantic and that he feels better than he did.

Forney makes Justice Grier say that Grant's election is certain; from which the only reasonable inference is that Justice Grier said directly the opposite.

There is a "light in the window" for Grant, but the window isn't in the White House.

STATE NEWS.

TO THE FARMERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.—At a meeting of the Farmers of Warren county, held at Warrenton on the 16th ult., for the purpose of taking steps towards the formation of an Immigration Society, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the chairman appoint a committee to correspond, either by letter or through the press, with the citizens of other counties, inviting them to hold meetings in their counties and appoint delegates to a general meeting to be held at a certain point, (the time and place of holding which to be appointed by this committee) to consider the subject of immigration and organize a society if deemed proper."

We the undersigned were appointed the committee under this resolution and in conformity to this requirement address you this letter through the press.

The importance of immigration to the future prosperity of our State is fully apparent to us, as we have no doubt it is to you. This immigration can only be secured by organized and systematic action. We propose to form a society, embracing as many counties as may choose to join with us, and thus, by combination, accomplish what we could not do separately. The feasibility of such an organization is almost unquestionable. Through it we may induce the very best class of emigrants from other States and foreign countries, to settle upon our surplus lands and aid in building up our wealth.

There is an immense quantity of land in the State lying idle, upon which we are paying taxes, and from which we are deriving no revenue. These lands are all we need to carry our enterprise into successful operation. Nor is it necessary to give them, as a plan can be devised by which we can make them available for our purpose and secure to the owner a fair price for them.

We call upon our sister counties to unite with us in our undertaking. Hold meetings and appoint delegates to attend a general meeting which we will appoint as soon as a sufficient number of counties have expressed their willingness to participate. Let your delegates be untrammeled, and free to adopt any plan which may meet their views when assembled in convention. The resolution imposed the duty of appointing the time and place for holding the general meeting upon this committee, because not knowing what counties would respond to our invitation, a place could not be designated with any certainty as to its being the proper one.

In conclusion, let us say to our brother farmers, it is time to be up and doing.—Hold meetings at once and let us have a Farmer's convention at an early day which shall not only devise but execute great things.

The newspapers of this State are requested to insert this letter, and use their influence to promote the object it has in view. With an earnest desire for the prosperity of our State and the rebuilding of her waste places, we subscribe ourselves,

Your brother farmers,
B. F. LONG,
WM. S. DAVIS,
JNO. WATSON,
J. R. GARLAND.

ACCIDENT TO GEN. NEAL.—We regret to learn that this estimable gentlemen was painfully, if not seriously hurt on Friday last. Finding it necessary to make some repairs on his mill, the General went there on Friday morning and going down between the forebay and braces, some portion gave way and a beam eight inches square came against his body, with a pressure of three feet of water. He was also struck in the back with a heavy piece of timber, which bruised him. He was extricated without any broken limbs and taken to the house, put to bed and proper medical attention promptly administered. We are glad to hear on Saturday he was able to move across the floor in his bedroom. If it should prove that he has received no internal injury, it is to be hoped he will be over it in a few days. His son tells us it was almost miraculous how he escaped being crushed to death, so great was the pressure upon him.—Charlotte *Times*.

Many trunks at Long Branch stand in the halls because they are too large to be carried through the room doors.

The arrival of Frank Leslie, with Mrs. Gilbert and a pair of fast horses, is chronicled at Richfield.

The Misses Beckwith are at Newport, astonishing every one with half a dozen toilettes a day, fresh from Paris.

They say Grant has dropped one of his names, but that doesn't matter much, as he will drop altogether in November.

Aujac, Bateman's new tenor, was poisoned the other night by the verdigris used in dyeing his beard for "Barbe Bleue."

Grant's arrival at Fort Wallace was celebrated by a salute that blew off both the hands of a poor soldier.

John A. Logan calls the Democratic party a whited sepulchre. Of course, it is whiter than it was when Logan belonged to it.

Mapleson is to bring Titiens, Kellogg and Santley over with him for the next season at the New York Academy.

"There's nothing new under the sun," quoted Brown. "Excep boots," exclaimed his limping friend.

The reformation of the "wickedest man in New York" is said to be a humbug.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4—Noon.

The Indian Bureau received a dispatch this morning from Ellsworth, Kansas, dated August 3d, quieting all fears of Indian disturbances.

The Commissioners of the Central Pacific Railway report that a section of twenty miles, terminating one hundred and seventy-eight miles from the initial point at Sacramento, is in good working order.

Private dispatches received here estimate the Democratic majority in Kentucky at from fifty to seventy thousand.

Navigation Resumed on the Ohio River.

CINCINNATI, August 4—Noon.

The recent rise in the Ohio River has enabled the largest vessels to resume trips between this city and Louisville.

Departure of Minister Browne for China.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 4—Noon.

Mr. Browne, Minister to China, sailed yesterday.

Marine Intelligence.

NEW YORK, August 4—Noon.

Arrived—Steamer Moneka, from Charleston.

The steamship Bremen has arrived at Southampton, and the steamship City of Antwerp at Queenstown.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4—P. M.

Thaddeus Stevens is seriously ill in this city.

The debt statement, which will probably be issued to-morrow, will show a slight increase.

Captain Harrison, of the navy, has been ordered to take charge of the Hydrographic office here.

At the Cabinet meeting to-day there were four members, Messrs. Seward, Schofield, Evarts and Randall, absent.

To-day the Express newspaper of this city appears under the ownership of Jonah D. Hooper and Butler.

Rumors relative to a change in the Internal Revenue Commissioner continue. In response to a second request to accept that office, ex-Gov. Cox, of Ohio, to-day sent a telegram persisting in declining the appointment.

Hon. Caleb Cushing has resigned the position as one of the Commissioners to codify the United States laws.

A Convention of the colored people of the Border States convened in the city of Baltimore to-day.

Returns from all parts of Kentucky show an immense increase of the Democratic majorities, while the Radicals show a great falling off.—Stevenson's majority will probably reach sixty thousand. In Louisville Stevenson received 8,244 votes and the Radical opponent 492.

The receipts from Internal Revenue to-day amounted to $746,600.

Financial.

NEW YORK, August 4—P. M.

The Sub-Treasury receipts to-day amounted to $4,373,000; payments, $8,580,000. Balance in the Treasury, $78,421,000.

Seymour and Blair.

AUGUSTA, GA., August 4—P. M.

There was a great Seymour and Blair ratification meeting at Aiken to-day. Three thousand persons were present. Hampton Butler spoke, also two colored men. A colored Democratic Club was in the procession.

There was a heavy rain this afternoon.

OUR CABLE DISPATCHES.

PARIS, Aug. 4.

An Imperial decree has been issued authorizing the issue of a new loan.

Special Correspondence of the Baltimore Gazette.

Radicalism in the South—Southern Legislatures and the Electoral Votes—Sentiments of the Cabinet—The Political Future.

WASHINGTON, August 2, 1868.

Accounts which I have recently seen from the South represent the Radical organization there as terribly demoralized. Except in Louisiana, it is now thought doubtful whether the Legislatures of the seven reconstructed States will assume the power of appointing electoral votes. Virginia, Mississippi and Texas will, in some way, if not prevented by the forces of the United States under the orders of the bogus State authorities, select electors and send their votes to Congress. It is understood the President has all along advised this course. It is probable also that the whites, independent of endeavoring to carry the elections under the reconstruction acts of Congress, will hold separate elections, if permitted by their epauletted masters. The moral effect, in a certain contingency, of a united vote of the South may become of vital consequence.

In respect to the political sentiments of the Cabinet, I learn that Messrs. Browning and Welles may be relied on as sincere friends of the Democratic ticket. Accounts are contrary as to the other members.—Randall is disgusted, it is said, with politics and has declared his position to be that of armed neutrality. Schofield will, of course, adhere to the epauletted candidate. McCullock is reticent, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, Seward and Evarts occupy doubtful attitudes. In truth, none of these men have a political future. If the Democrats succeed in November, a clean sweep will be made from top to bottom.—If, on the other hand (contrary to all signs) the Radicals shall triumph, the whole of the present Cabinet, together with Fessenden, Trumbull, Henderson, Ross, Van Winkle and Fowler, will be unceremoniously thrown overboard. The Radicals, however, will be without other patronage, as the proscriptive and unconstitutional action of Congress has left scarcely a single Democrat or real Conservative in office.—The town to-day is without a single item of news.

X.

Disgusted with the League.

For the Journal.

LUMBERTON, N. C., Aug. 1, 1868.

I hereby give notice that, having been deceived and duped by fraud and lies to join the Union League against my will and better judgment, I am no longer a member of that corrupt organization and shall now vote and act with the Democratic party, as the only one that will give us our rights under the Constitution.

STEPHEN BRITT.

A little girl in Indianapolis drowned herself because her mother forbade her to wear a new dress.

Forney says Robert Lincoln looks much like his father and is an "ardent Republican."

The Radical party is staggering, and Prentice thinks it is from having swallowed Grant.

The New Orleans Times says the commercial flags are at half mast in memory of departed business.

Ben Wade and his wife had a special car all to themselves and their dignity on their way to Ohio.

Gen. Butler is looking after his Gloucester claims; his principal digger, Dr. Loring.

A man in advance of his time—one who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

The aristocracy along the Hudson give "breakfasts" in the afternoon, affecting Victoria's fashion.

Gov. Warmouth, of Louisiana, talks only war. He and the hole in his face are a couple of war-mouths.

The common law—"keep off the grass."

An injunction not worth following—have a care.

Queen Isabella's tipple is a gallon of brandy a week.

Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

Disraeli wears yellow trowsers and Gladstone a bad white hat.

The workmen on the Mont Cenis tunnel have struck.

The London Postoffice Savings Banks yield an annual profit of $200,000.

The gentleman who "spoke against time" has been obliged to apologize.

The bricklayers' strike in New York has already cost them $300,000 in wages.

Twelve policemen were killed or maimed in New York last month.

Utica is to have a picnic of fat men—none admitted under 250 pounds.

Why is an omnibus like a lithograph?—because it is drawn on stone.

The Mail says that the "wickedest woman in New York" lives on Fifth avenue.

Bierstadt has sent home a new picture, a view on the Tuolumne River, Oregon.

Napier has introduced the fashion of raw beef hash into the English cuisine.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, July 23d, at Howell's Point, Brunswick county, LEWIS N. BARLOW, to Mrs. SARAH WILKINSON.

DIED.

In this city, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., on the evening of the 31st inst., Mrs. REGINA DOROTHEA, wife of A. C. H. Fincken. She leaves an affectionate husband and one child to mourn her loss.

Near Tarborough, on thd 28th inst.. of Dropsy, Mr. JOHN H. MATHEWSON, in the 68th year of his age.

At the residence of his son, Rev. James B. Avirett, Winchester, Va., at 4 o'clock, Monday afternoon, July 29, 1868, JOHN A. AVIRETT, Sr., in the 71st year of his age.

This gentleman for over forty years was one of the most successful planters in North Carolina, and his home—"Lock Katrine Hall"—was the seat of a delightful hospitality.

In Greensboro', on yesterday (Wednesday) morning, Mrs. ANN ELIZA MOREHEAD, widow of the late Gov. John M. Morehead, in the 65th year of her age. This exemplary and excellent lady was the daughter of the late Colonel Robert Lindsay, of Guilford county. Her valuable life is terminated in the midst of her usefulness, surrounded by her children and friends, who mourn not without hope. She had been for many years a worthy and useful member of the Presbyterian Church. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

In Jacksonville, North Carolina, on the — ult. Mrs. SARAH BRYANT, aged 29 years.

Thus the little town of Jacksonville has lost one of its highest ornaments, and society one of its most useful members. The exemplary deportment of Mrs. Bryant won for her a large circle of devoted friends who, with her bereaved husband, are left to mourn their irreparable loss.

In this city, 2d inst., MARY ELEANOR, daughter of George and Julia O. Harris, aged 1 year and 8 months.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK
NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY
EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

of slaughtered innocents? Traditionary dust obscured its history. We gazed into the open mouth. How could any mortal enter? To venture would be sheer madness. So the trembling say. Venture we would, and prove ourselves no cowards. It was late. But then inside there was no daylight. It mattered little, therefore, whether we explored it in day time or night.

I must relate that a peculiar sensation crept over us at first, but as we advanced that feeling died. The more we progressed the bolder we grew. Our lights burned brightly. There was no dearth of oxygen in the air. The passage was narrow, and the sharp pointed rocks made us be cautious how we traveled.

"We're on a wild goose chase," cried Vidian. "Kinglake could have never gone in at this end."

"We'll keep up the chase, Vidian, and if he never entered here, so much the better. We'll happen on him suddenly."

VanOrten was silent. Vidian was in the advance.

"Heigh-ho!" interjected Vidian. "Here's a full stop." I looked forward, and to my surprise an embankment loomed up before us.

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CHAPTER VII.

KINGLAKE AND HIS LARES.

The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named; nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
Blair's Grave.

We were in almost total darkness. The lamps gave forth a very faint light. No ray of daylight reached us, and if we were not in a grave we were most certainly in a situation not unlike a sepulchre. We searched for an opening at either side of the mass of earth. Vain was the search. We were about to retrace our steps when, fortunately, Vidian's light fell on what appeared to be the tracks of something that had crept up the bank.

"I've found it! I've found it!" joyfully cried Vidian. "Here are steps! Here are steps! Here are steps!" He was already half way up the side. "We're in good luck," softly breathed VanOrten, as if afraid to be heard. Vidian was at the top. Strange that we never thought of looking aloft. "The hole is very narrow," said Vidian. "You'll have to wait till I see my way. It is pitch dark. I can see very little ahead. Come on. All's right."

We followed. Vidian descended on the opposite side. We were soon with him. The place was dripping with moisture.

"The rain must have flooded this subterranean passage," I said, grasping Vidian by the hand, and calling him a brave boy. "Never mind the rain. Let us push onward. It is growing late. We can't retreat. This is a victory worth gaining."

Presently we entered quite a spacious apartment. Indians, perhaps, came here in other days to hold their secret councils. The walls were smooth, and seemed constructed of well chiseled granite. We examined every natural niche, and every nook, and the floor, but could discover no trace of the necromancer. All was still as death. We did not tarry. Vidian still kept the lead. The way was becoming more narrow and rocky.

"Confound the thing," said Vidian. "My lamp is out." He lit it and struck out again. We were within a pace of him. Flap, flap, flap, and his lamp was put out the second time. He stepped to one side to light it, and I advanced, throwing my hat at the same time over the lamp as a protection. I had not gone a yard when the lamp and hat were dashed from my hands. This *was* startling!

"Look out there!" spoke up VanOrten. "I hear something." "You're always hearing," replied Vidian, and he once more attempted to pass this mysterious point. He met with a similar fate as I.

VanOrten now tried. He was struck on the cheek, and all our lights were simultaneously extinguished. Here's the deuce to play, I thought. No light! Total darkness! I struck a match. I retreated a few paces and relit my lamp. I held it behind me and advanced sideways, endeavoring to penetrate the thick darkness, and learn the cause of this inexplicable matter. Vidian and VanOrten were not cowardly, nor was I. Nevertheless we trembled. We resolved to push ahead and fight our way if necessary. Vidian felt for his pistol. We walk abreast. A rush of wind as from above sweep us, and then, O heavens! O horror of horrors! O fright of frights! we were struck across the face. I grabbed for the offender. It was a piece of oak bark hanging down from a hole in the upper world. I got a glimpse at the starry sky. It was evidently night. We lit lamps, and with bolder steps walked on. We laughed right heartily at the supposed bugbear. We were soon calmed and ready for another encounter. Our progress was slow. We were praying to be at the cave's end. The story of Kinglake making this his home must be a mistake. We had as yet discovered none of his signs. But we were not so far in the cave as we imagined. I looked at my watch. It was half-past nine o'clock. Strange hour! Strange place! It was about that time that Kinglake had visited De Kimberly. A murmuring sound reach us. What is it? It was that, we thought, of somebody laughing. VanOrten smiled. He had spoken very little during the afternoon. *What* was he dreaming about? Vidian, who would be in the front, put his index to his mouth, and then shook it at us to be silent. We needed not the sign. The awful solitude was enough to make the most loquacious close his mouth. The sound, a strange sound, a wild sound, winds slowly around the angles of that devious underground natural prison. No sunshine had ever gladdened its walls. No bright scene had ever pictured them. It was confessedly a black hole, a fit place of punishment for naughty boys and girls. No sweet lay of love had ever been heard in this dreary abode. It seemed a purgatory for malcontents exiled from

"Home, kindred, friends, and country."

No surge swept through it unless the furious torrent of the rainy season. We were anxious to reach the end. I was delighted at the sound. It predicated the presence of Kinglake or some one of his class.

"I do hope it is Kinglake," whispered VanOrten to me. "I want to see him so much."

"You have seen him before?"

"I have."

"You know him well?"

"I do."

"See yonder?" breathed Vidian. We looked, and there we beheld the reflection of light, a flickering light, as if of a lamp or candle. It glimmered on the dark sides and cast a pale light on the darker surrounding passage. We put our lamps out, and stole on tip-toe to that part where the light was arrested. When there we peered around the angle, but as hastily withdrew our heads. What a vision! Hold little one. We looked again. We were growing bolder. We saw an object. He disappeared. Now and then we caught glimpses of it, or of its shadow. We were not dreaming. Our vision was not at all disturbed. That same ominous sound is heard, and indistinctly still.

"Let us get nearer," said Vidian. We followed his example in getting on all-fours and creeping along. We had not proceeded far when the object again shot across our path. It was not a Fay, nor a Fairy. It was not Kinglake. Hark the sound! That is not to be mistaken. It is his.

Trip around,
Trip around,
Little one, one!
'T will be found,
'T will be known,
What we seek,
What we seek.
Trip around,
Trip around,
Little one, one!

"That's Kinglake. I know his voice."

"That's he," answered VanOrten. We stole nearer. The many turnings in that place made it a convenient place to hide. There was a certain noise for which we could not account. A sudden flame flashed upon us. In its blaze we beheld the form of Kinglake. He was standing opposite a looking glass, and making grimaces at himself, or at some fancied image. "Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, and he laughed to his heart's content. He now looked comico-serious. He now blinked. He now snapped his finger and stood on one leg, and then he would break out into, "Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Kinglake you're a good dog!" It was as much as we could do to keep silence. We stuffed our mouths with our handkerchiefs. Kinglake took another attitude. He placed his elbows on the table, and regarding himself complacently, he began patting either cheek. Then he would rap with his knuckles, and again he would laugh and vociferate his "He! he! he!" and his "Ho! ho! ho!" and his "Ha! ha! ha!" Tired at this he began jumping about and touching certain springs in the table, and up would jump a stuffed monkey, a squirrel, a bird, a jump-jack, or some other gimcrack. He would giggle, and wink, and shake his hand at them. He would pull a wire and they would run around whither he desired. He took in his hand a kind of branched candlestick, a girandole, and began to dance around the whole and sing,

A merry old fellow
Am I,
They say,
A merry old fellow
Am I.
I care not a fig
For the rest of mankind,
No, no, not a fig
Care I.
I play with my mates,
My monkey and fox,
My birds, and those
They call gimcracks.
O, I care not a fig,
Not I.

He whirled the candlestick around his head, and flung it from him. It fell as one would properly place it, and not a light of its seven went out.

Upon a tripod, or in less graceful language, a three-legged stool, stood an immense thing burning, resembling more a Pascal candle than any other. A garland of flowers was spirally wound around it from the burning head to the end, and then drooped over the stand into a large ewer of water. Kinglake, with folded arms, contemplated the sight. He had forgotten the girandole, his monkey, his birds, his fox, and gimcracks. He now takes a rod and walks as if measuring his steps to the candle. He makes a great many crosses, and signs, and lines. He pauses and looks intently at the blazing wick. His eyes burn with an unnatural lustre. VanOrten keeps his eyes fixed on him. Indeed we three watched him. He strikes at the huge candle, and dances round it like a wild Indian, and chants—

Burn brightly, candle, candle,
To this point.
Then in your flickering flame
Me tell,
How the flowers
Contained the spell,
Contained the germ of ghastly death,
Snuffed up in that
Most fatal smell.
Weep, weep, O, weep,
De Kimberly! De Kimberly!
Were mine the wealth
Of Otesiphon,
Before despoiled by
Moslem horde,
I'd give it all
To kill that *cell*,
To stay the death,
To save the flower,
De Kimberly's
Most lovely bell,
Violet bell,
Dearest thing!
My power
No respite
Can longer bring.
Death must come,
Death must come,
Violet, dearest little thing.

Death! De Kimberly! Violet! These words alarmed me. What had Kinglake to do with Violet? I meet the eyes of VanOrten. He anticipated me. He rushed forward and caught Kinglake in his arms. We joined him.

"Kinglake! Kinglake! Don't you know your old friend VanOrten?

Kinglake was pale as a corpse, and as stiff. The hidden rocky cavern, the *kennel* of Kinglake's love. The black arising from the candles, lamps, and rushes. The many curious images scattered about. Kinglake himself.

All was a picture that challenged an artist's pencil and poet's pen. The necromancer slowly opened his eyes. They were bloodshot. An imperceptible smile,

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,"

flitted across his scowling face.

"Kinglake don't you remember VanOrten?"

"Aye, well."

"I'm your friend."

"No one's my friend. I'm friendless. I'm homeless. Everybody hates Kinglake, and calls him the *evil eye*. *She* hates me."

Kinglake was now recovered from the fright of this sudden invasion of his retreat. He mentioned *she*. I knew whom he meant.

"Begone! You have no business here. Kinglake, the shunned, the despised, does not want you."

"Kinglake! Kinglake! Remember the happy days of our youth. We have sought you to lead you to civilization and happiness."

He scanned VanOrten from head to foot.

"Civilization! Where is it to be found in these degenerate days? Civilization! Is it to be found in a community that, instead of lending a helping hand, puts the heel on the head that would rise, and sink it deeper in the mire of adversity? Civilization! Does it consist in telling a man he is crazy; in telling the town he is crazy; in telling the stranger he is crazy; in driving him crazy; in keeping him crazy. Ah! Kinglake is not crazy. He is persecuted. He is crazy at times. I'm crazy now," and he struggled violently to break from our grasp. I tried to pacify him. I addressed him.

"Kinglake, I believe in your sanity. You are strange and do strange things. Why live here? Why jump around here like a wild man? Why perform these mysterious rites?" He replied: "Nicholas De Kimberly, I know you. Ask no information concerning these things."

He was becoming more calm. We were now seated, he in the centre. It was very late, nearly daylight. I terminated this interview. I wanted information on one point, and that I would have.

"Come, Kinglake, be candid. Answer me this— Why is it you always avoid Madam de Kimberly? Why is it she holds you in such horror?" He was pale before. He was paler now.

"I'll answer your questions on one condition, and that is that you retire and leave me in peace."

We promised.

"I'm a mesmerizer. Madam de Kimberly is a clairvoyant. Now leave me."

The truth flashed on my mind. I saw it all.

"Kinglake? Another question."

"No more! No more!"

"Only one?"

"Well."

"I heard you mention De Kimberly's name and Violet's. Is there any danger impending?"

"Poor little Violet!" said Kinglake. "I cannot answer you. You must wait. Leave me now?"

We arose. We coaxed him to come. We led the way to the outlet. He would go no farther. We looked up on the starry heavens. It was almost morning. We stopped a few moments endeavoring to take Kinglake along. But he would not. VanOrten pleaded in vain.

"I'll see you again, VanOrten. I believe you like me."

I was beginning to like him. He was a strange fellow, and followed strange paths.

We shook him cordially by the hand and bade him good morning. We hurried to the inn and remained there a day to give new freshness and vigor to our fatigued bodies.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A SAD PICTURE.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.
The Spectator.

After this adventure in the cave I remained two weeks at Grenoble. During that time I was constantly with Violet. I loved her beyond all bounds. We would walk over to see poor Mrs. Robin every day, and take little things for her daily comfort. Dick Robin was heart and soul devoted to Violet. But Violet was complaining of her head. One day she would be well, and up as early as the lark, and like it, whistling her strains of love to God. Another, she would be sick of headache. I was worried. De Kimberly and Mary fretted. What aileth their child? I was called away on business to Wilmington, North Carolina. I grieved to leave, but it was a matter of necessity. In the multiplicity of affairs in this city, I had forgotten all but Violet and her sunny face; her pure, bright mother and idolizing father. The joy and peace that dwelt at Grenoble, and on the plantation was the sweetest recreation to my mind.

Letters reached me from time to time. *Violet was getting no better!* One informed me she was *getting worse*. My business would come to an end about the tenth of December. I would then go and spend Christmas with my little pet. I would refresh my bodily and mental powers with the relaxed joy displayed at the old homestead on the plantation. The happy slaves would greet me, and I would have the Christmas gift for them all. The morning of the ninth of December I received the following missive:

"PLANTATION MANSION, }
" Dec. 5th, 18—. }

"*Dear Brother:* Violet is alarmingly worse. Dr. VanOrten says it is a hopeless case. She is insane. She runs about butting her head against everything, so that we have to be constantly with her. The poor thing screams in the greatest agony, and cries out, 'O my head! O my head!' She is confined to her room, which we have had thickly lined with pillows, to prevent her from striking her head against the walls. Her sight is entirely gone. She can hardly hear. You would not know her. Every day she grows worse. She wants you. She cries for you. Do come immediately. We are in need of your presence. Mary is almost crazy. Yours affectionately,

"DE KIMBERLY."

I finished my business and left Wilmington on the next train. I was shortly in the chamber of poor Violet. She was in the intensest pain. I cried like a child. Was I to lose my pet lamb?

"O, VanOrten, can't you do something?"

"Nothing—every physician in the State has been consulted. They all give her up, hopelessly up. She cannot live many days. We all agreed on one thing, and that is this: a similar case has never been met with by any practitioner."

We were hoping against hope. Violet would not permit Dick Robin to leave her bedside.

"Have you seen Kinglake since the night in the cave?"

"Yes. He has so changed you would'nt know him. Now and then he breaks out into one of those fits, and would fly from his home. He has been a curious body. I knew him from childhood. He loved Madame de Kimberly, but she never could bear him. He's looked upon as a necromancer by all who do not know him. He is not very sane at times. He's at heart a good man. He'll injure no one. His wild freaks make him the object of ridicule."

"He loves Madame de Kimberly yet?"

"I knew it. He loves Violet to madness. He has visions, and tells me he sees her dead. He says a *spider* and a *rose* is at the bottom of it all. He wants to come here badly. I have prevented him so far, knowing the dislike Madame de Kimberly has for him."

"He's a queer fellow?"

"Indeed he is."

Poor Violet! I could hardly look upon her. She recognized me and held my hand tightly. De Kimberly and Mary were bowed in inconsolable grief.

Next day I met VanOrten.

"Kinglake has come," he said.

"He would come. I tried to prevent him. He will see Violet. He's very self-possessed. Madam must be kept in her room. De Kimberly will sooth her there, and guard her for a few moments."

The long gaunt figure of Kinglake appeared. I took his proffered hand and led him to the sad room. Dick Robin was sitting by Violet, poor blind Violet! She was easier. Now and then a half-stifled groan escaped her, and her little white hands would be immediately thrown to compress her forehead. Poor Violet!—My lovely flower! I could not look on without the briney tears of sorrow clouding my vision. Kinglake was the very picture of grief. He knelt down near the foot-stool of Violet. Violet's hearing was almost gone. She held Dick Robin's hand. She was not deceived like Jacob. She knew it was the brawny hand of her poor Dick Robin. Kinglake's eyes were kindled with more than their usual brilliancy.

My rose of Sharon!
My lily of the valley!
I have found thee,
I have found thee,
I love, O, I love,
I love thee.
My God, O my God,
Here's an angel,
Here's an angel—
To Thy bosom,
To Thy bosom,
O she's ready,
O she's ready,
O she's ready
To fly.
Thy throne is aglow
With Thy mercy,
With Thy mercy,
My God! My God!
O she's ready
To fly.

The pathos of Kinglake sank to the depths of our hearts. Dick Robin sobbed aloud. My tears trickled in a stream down my cheeks. The delivery, the gesture, the fire and the joy and grief blended in the outburst of Kinglake, transported us as along the gentle zephyrs of heaven. I looked around. There stood Madame de Kimberly and her husband! They are weeping. The touching canticle of Kinglake had reached them. They descended. I had no time for thought.

My soul is enravish'd,
I see the bright vision,
Of angels, of cherubs,
Descending to thee.
Violet, O Violet,
My Violet—
I see the bright angels
Descending to thee;
From the Throne upon high,
From God through the sky—
My Violet, O Violet,
They're coming to thee.
O hear their glad carols,
Their anthems now swelling
The balm of the breath
Of the word made flesh,
The breath of the word of God
The gates of gold are open for thee,
Violet, O Violet,
My Violet,
The gates of Heav'n are open to thee.

Kinglake never said a word more, but gazed at the dying child for fully fifteen minutes. He then with down cast eyes left the chamber of the dying. The enraptured face of Madam was on him. A muscle never quivered. She was stung to the heart that her child was suffering so intensely. She was becoming more reconciled to her loss. She felt that a bright garland and golden crown were awaiting her beautiful Violet.

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CHAPTER IX.

POST NUBILA, JUBILA—AFTER SORROW, JOY.

Violet lingered a few days more. I was constantly at her side. Dick Robin lived in her room. His eyes were red from weeping. Poor Violet could not hear his weep. Her senses were not all gone. She could speak. And when she would get a moment free from pain and spasms, she would talk of all the beautiful sights she was seeing in the clouds.

"Ma, you must not weep for me. You know God is taking me to his bosom. He has sent his son to guide me. I hear the coral anthem of his Heavenly train. Ma, you must not weep for your Violet; Voilet loves ma, and Violet will pray for ma, and for pa, and for uncle Nick, and for Dick—ah, poor Dick Robin, and for Vidian, and for the doctor too. I love him now. I love everybody. Ma, tell me you won't weep for me?"

"My precious jewel, it is God's will that you leave me. I will not weep, my sweet birdie. I will always think of you, treasure you in my heart."

I could not say a word. Nor could De Kimberly. It was Christmas eve. Cottage-Grenoble was dressed in garlands, and sprinkled with pure white flowers. The servants were bowed in grief. Their mistress had lost the joy of her face. This cast a gloom on all. She was hitherto so bright. She was alone sitting on the veranda. A summer cloud was hanging over the cottage. It was Violet's wish that she die here. Mary was singing the words of Kinglake's canticle—

Violet, O Violet,
My Violet,
I see the bright Angels
Descending to thee.

A holy gleam of sunshine from that instant smiled on her countenance. She arose, went in and commanded her household to wear their brightest smiles. She was contented. Her child would soon enter into glory. Dick Robin was reading in a very loud tone to Violet the inspired psalm:

"God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, *and that* right early."

It was midnight. Madam, De Kimberly, Vidian, VanOrten and Dick Robin were sitting near the bed listening to Violet's last words. I and *Kinglake!* were standing in the entry.

"O Ma," softly breathed Violet, "I hear the chimes of Heaven. They sound so sweetly. Ma, they are stealing, are stealing, are stealing away, a-a-away my soul. I see the bell-ringers. They are such beautiful beings. All robed in white. Now they are singing, are singing. O how sweet!"

I almost felt the presence of the Heavenly many-voiced seraphic choir. We all seemed to get a glimpse of them. Violet appeared to sleep.

"Ma, they are coming, coming, coming. Ma, they are coming. They have in their hands bright flowers. Ma, they are placing them in my hair. Ma, they are love flowers. Ma, they all love God."

Poor Violet! She was rapidly sinking. All her suffering had gone. The foretaste of Heaven was her portion, her last earthly portion. She was a pure, blissful rosebud, drooping, dying out. The

"Fullest hearts are slow to speak."

Not one could say a single word. We all approached Violet and kissed her.

"Ma, the angels are bearing me up, and dear, sweet Jesus, has his hand under my head. Ma, sweet ma! Pa, dear pa! and Uncle Nick! and poor, good Dick Robin! Ma, good-bye, good—."

Violet fell asleep in the incorruption of immortality.

The chamber was dressed as a bridal one and not as death. All retired but De Kimberly, myself and VanOrten. Kinglake had recovered and was present to suggest what he felt must be so.

"Something's the matter with the child's brain. I'm sure it must be."

VanOrten touched De Kimberly on a tender point. *Post mortem!* De Kimberly shuddered. I disliked it exceedingly. At last we consented. VanOrten was an expert anatomist. He neatly laid open the forehead of Violet. O, shocking sight! There was a *nest of spiders* feeding on the eaten brain!!

The morning Violet presented the boquet to her father and me, the *Fatal Boquet!* she *sneezed*. She had snuffed up the ovum of a spider. It impregnated the brain!

CONCLUSION.

For the truth of this we cannot vouch. Whether it is a hearsay or a freak of the imagination, we will leave the reader to guess.

AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS.—We have been handed for publication, by the President of the New Hanover Agricultural Society, the following list of committees appointed to prepare a paper upon the subjects named, to be submitted to the regular annual meeting of the Society in February next:

On the fertilizing influence of the atmosphere on vegetation—Dr. S. S. Satchwell, Dr. W. G. Thomas and Maj. J. A. Engelhard.

On the Geology and Mineralogy of New Hanover county—Maj. C. W. McClammy, A. R. Black, Esq., and Dr. D. M. Buie.

On Truck Farming—Col. S. L. Fremont, Capt. H. M. Drane, and H. A. Bagg, Esq.

On Fruit Raising in New Hanover county—W. A. Wright, Don MacRae and Dan'l Robinson, Esqs.

On Grasses, etc.—Dr. H. H. Robinson, Rev. S. C. Alexander and John Utley, Esq.

On Personal and Family Hygiene—Dr. W. G. Thomas, Dr. W. W. Lane and Dr. J. C. Shepard.

On Labor and Immigration—Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Capt. H. M. Drane and Col. S. L. Fremont.

On Drainage—Capt. H. M. Drane, Henry Nutt, Esq., and Dr. John R. Hawes.

On the Condition of Agriculture in New Hanover county—Dr. S. S. Satchwell, Col. Jno. D. Powers and Dr. J. C. Shepard.

On Marls and Lime and their transportation—Henry Nutt, Esq., Col. S. L. Fremont and Dr. D. M. Buie.

Horses and Cattle—Gen. Robert Ransom, A. E. Hall, Esq., and Hon. O. P. Meares.

Hogs and Sheep—Maj. Jas. S. Hines and Jas. Garrison and Owen Alderman, Esqs.

Grapes, Wine-making, etc.—Dr. H. H. Robinson, Col. S. L. Fremont and John H. Murphy, Esq.

On Education—Agricultural and General—A. R. Black, Esq., Maj. C. W. McClammy and Dr. S. S. Satchwell.

On Moneyed Crops—S. J. Faison, D. T. Durham and Geo. E. Shepard, Esqs.

State Legislature.

There was nothing done in the Legislature on Monday of any importance. Both Houses have adjourned to the 4th of January, and we presume the members of both have dispersed to their homes to take their Christmas holidays. May they all have peace.

LATEST NEWS
BY TELEGRAPH.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 23—P. M.

The Collector at Brownsville (Texas) telegraphs to the Treasury Department that two revenue inspectors had been murdered and one injured recently in that district, by a band of robbers. The names of the murdered men are W. H. Phelps and George H. Hammond.

Secretary Seward, with several of the Foreign Ministers, left here to-day for Auburn, New York.

Chief Justice Chase is to go to Rhode Island in a day or so.

The Indian Commission will report in favor of making the Indian Bureau a separate Department.

In the State Senate of Indiana a committee have unanimously reported in opposition to the House bill transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

General Grant has ordered Col. Leet, of his staff, to the West, to investigate the Indian affairs.

It is stated by those who ought to know something of the matter, that unless advanced, Mr. Davis' case will not be reached in the Supreme Court under two years.

The Tribune of this morning publishes the following special telegram from Washington:

Lieutenant Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, telegraphs to the Louisiana Senators in this city that he apprehends difficulty on the reassembling of the State Legislature next month. The New Orleans plugs and the rebel plug uglies threaten to clean out the Republican members of that body if they attempt to meet and transact business. The Louisiana Senators will communicate with Generals Grant and Schofield regarding this report to-morrow.

In response to the question "how cigars seized for non-payment of tax may be put upon the market, no stamps being affixed, for which the seizure was made," Commissioner Rollins decides that stamps shall be fixed necessary to cover the tax due, and the Collector shall accredit to his stamp account from the proceeds of their sales so much money as shall equal the value of the stam affixed, and pay the balance into the Treasury. If the amount of the sale does not pay the expenses and tax due thereon, then the law authorizes the Collector to bid them in for the Government for the amount not exceeding the tax. It is thought that Congress will provide for furnishing stamps to goods sold under forfeiture.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Dec 24—Noon.

Stocks strong. Money active at 7 ₩ cent premium. Gold 134¼. 5-20s, of '62, coupons 110.—North Carolinas 66¼ new, 62 asked.

Flour dull and drooping. Wheat quiet and unchanged. Corn ½ cent better. Mess Pork dull; $27 75. Lard dull—steam 17@17¼ cents. Cotton steady at 25 cents. Spirits Turpentine steady at 45@45½ cents. Rosin drooping—strained grades $2 85@$2 45—latter price in extreme. Freights firm.

STATE NEWS.

SAD AFFAIR—A YOUNG MAN SHOT AND KILLED IN HALIFAX COUNTY.—A young man by the mame of David Fitzgerald, of Norfolk, Va., was shot at killed at the house of Mr. David O. Laws in Halifax county on Wednesday night last by his uncle, Capt. Thomas Rickets, of Baltimore. The two retired to bed to-gether, Fitzgerald being considerably under the influence of liquor. A dispute soon arose between them and Fitzgerald, acting under the influence of liquor, got up, procured a pistol and fired at Rickets, when the latter seized hold of a double barrel gun and fired one load with the intention of frightening Fitzgerald, but seeing that the decease was bent on killing him, he fired again as Fitzgerald was cocking his pistol, the charge taking effect in the breast and passing through the lungs, causing death in a few hours. An inquest over the body resulted in a verdict making the provocation a justifiable one.

A negro soldier named Thompson, belonging to the 40th U. S. Infantry; was instantly killed by a fellow warrior, at the camp near Raleigh on Tuesday last. The murderer whose name is King, has been arrested.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Henry Murray an esteemed citizen of Wake, was found dead in his bed at his residence near Raleigh, on Tuesday morning last.

BURGLARY.—On night before last, the office of Mr. John V. Sherrad, on John street, was entered by some unknown "Sneak-thief" who appropriated a trunk, containing Mr. Sherrad's apparel. The scoundrel was seen in the rear of the lot while in the act of rifling the trunk of its valuables, when officer King sainted him with a pistol shot. The darkness of the night enabled the villian to make his escape, leaving the trunk behind.

Goldsboro' *Messenger*.

CRAVEN COUNTY JAIL.—There are fifty-eight prisoners now confined in the jail of Craven county, only three of whom are white. There are seven more prisoners in the chain gang.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Beaufort county, December 13th, 1868, by the Rev. Luther Eborn, Mr. PETER McWILLIAMS to Miss SIDNEY A. LITCHFIELD, daughter of Rev. John Litchfield.

On Monday, 21st instant, near Rocky Point, by Rev. R. B. Black, Mr. JAMES B. HUGGINS to Mrs. ANN M. FINLAY. No cards.

DIED.

On Saturday, 19th of December, 1868 at Rocky Point, in New Hanover county, ANN ELIZA, wife of Dr. James A. Miller, and eldest child of the late William S. and Sarah Ann Ashe, aged 31 years.

NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on the 8th day of January, 1869, at the residence of J. W. Hardison, in Onslow county, one tract or parcel of LAND lying in said county on Stump Sound, thirty-five acres cleared, suitable for peanuts. Sixty-five acres uncleared, Oak and Hickory growth. Fifty acres of Pine newly cut.

Terms of sale: One-fourth cash; another fourth payable in twelve months—balance in two years.

The said lands belong to the estate of Comfort Ennett, deceased, and were devised to her by her father, Thomas Ennett, and the title to purchaser will be made by her heirs.

There will also be sold on same day, a tract joining the above, belonging to Mrs. Tillman Pullen. Terms as above.

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REVIEW
OF THE
WILMINGTON MARKETS
FOR THE
WEEK ENDING THURSDAY,
December 24, 1868.

TURPENTINE—Since our last review the market has ruled with more firmness, and prices have improved 10 cents on both soft and hard. There is a moderate demand from both shippers and distillers, and the market closes steady at $3 for soft and $2 for hard, ₩ bbl, of 280 lbs.—parcels being readily taken upon arrival at these quotations. The receipts are light for the season and for the week just ended foot up 1,167 bbls, as follows:

	Bbls.	Soft.	Hard
Friday	175	$2 90	$1 90
Saturday	240	2 95	1 95
Monday	375	3 00	2 00
Tuesday	219	3 00	2 00
Wednesday	158	3 00	2 00

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—The activity noted in the market for this article at the close of our last review, continued during Friday and Saturday and former quotation was fully sustained. Since then the market has ruled with less firmness, and has declined ½ cent. The transactions, however, have been somewhat restricted for want of stock, as there is very little now arriving either by river or rail, and only a small quantity remains in first hands—the market closing quiet but steady at 41½ cents. The sales are as follows:

Friday	129 casks at	42	cents per gallon.
Saturday	475 " "	42	" " "
Tuesday	40 " "	41½	" " "
Wednesday	181 " "	41½	" " "
Thursday	20 " "	41½	" " "

ROSIN.—During the week just ended the market has ruled without important change as regards prices. There has been a steady enquiry for the lower grades, and parcels have generally found ready sale when offered; the transactions, however, have been restricted to some extent for the want of stock, the bulk on market being of the finer grades. For No. 1 there has been no demand worthy of mention, and only a few small sales have taken place. We quote as follows: Friday, 840 bbls. at $1 70 for No. 2, and $5 50 for Pale; Saturday, 1,529 bbls. at $1 60@$1 65 for strained, $1 75 for No. 2, $1 85 for extra No. 2, and $5 50 for Pale; Monday, 134 bbls. at $1 65 for strained, and $2 for mixed grades; Tuesday, 700 bbls. at $1 65 for strained, $1 70 for No. 2, and $3 75 for No. 1—₩ bbl. of 280 lbs.

TAR—Advanced 5 cents on Friday 1st, and sales were made at $2 05. On Saturday, however, the above advance was lost, and the market since has ruled at $2, closing at this figure, with a moderate demand from shippers. The receipts are 1,198 bbls., and sales as follows: 260 bbls. at $2 05, and 938 do. at $2 ₩ bbl.

BARRELS.—For empty spirit barrels the market rules about the same as reported for some weeks past. The supply in dealers' hands is good, and little or no demand exists. In the absence of sales worthy of report, we quote nominally as follows: Second hand, $2@$2 25 as they run, and $4 50@$2 50 for selected;—new, $2 50@$2 75 for country, and $2 50@$3 50 each for New York and city made, according to quality.

BEESWAX—Finds sale when brought in at 35@37 cents ₩ lb.

BEEF CATTLE—Are being brought to market slowly, and the supply in butchers' hands is rather light, though fully adequate for present wants. We quote small sales on the hoof at 7@10 cents ₩ lb. net, as in quality.

CORN MEAL—There is a moderate supply in store, and only a light business doing from the mills at $1 30@$1 35 ₩ bushel, in quantities to suit.

COTTON—For this article the market has ruled steady during the week, with a fair enquiry from buyers, and the price has improved ¼ cent—closing firm at 23½ cents for middling. The sales have been small for want of stock, reaching only 250 bales at 22½ cents for good ordinary. 22½@23¼ cents for mixed grades, 23 cents for low middling, and 23¼@23½ cents for middling.

IRON BANDS AND TIES for Cotton, of nearly all patterns, are offered on market, and sell from store at the following quotations: Arrow Tie, 8 cents; Sweet's Buckle Tie, 8 cents; Walley's Buckle Tie, 8½ cents; Beard's Buckle and Lock Tie, 8½ cents; and Dillon's 8 cents ₩ lb.

EGGS—Are being brought in slowly, and have been in brisk enquiry, with sales from carts at 32½@35 cents per dozen by the quantity.

FERTILIZERS—Are without change. The market is moderately supplied with nearly all descriptions, and we quote from store as follows: Wando Guano, $70; Peruvian Guano, $90@$95; Pacific do. $70@$75; Patapsco do. $65; Phœnix do. $55; Wilcox, Gibbs & Co's Manipulated do. $70; E. F. Coe's Superphosphate of Lime, $65; Baugh's Raw Bone Phosphate, $60; Zell's Superphosphate of Lime, $65; Zell's Raw Bone Phosphate, $65; Rhodes' Standard Manure, $65@$70; Woolston's Phosphate of Lime, $55; Whitelock's Cerealizer $70; Chesapeake Phosphate, $60; Lister Bros Superphosphate of Lime $65 ₩ ton of 2,000 lbs.

FISH.—Mullets are scarce, and in moderate request. No receipts, and we quote nominally from wharf at $7@$7 25 for pine bbls.

FLOUR—Is without change worthy of report.—There is a full stock of Northern in dealers' hands, and a fair business has been done from store during the week at quotations given in table. The supply of state brands is very small, and we quote at $11 for superfine, and $11 50@$12 per bbl. for family.

GRAIN.—In the Corn market there is no material change to notice since the close of our last review. There is a moderate supply in the hands of dealers, and the demand is principally in the retail way. Two cargoes (3,850 bushels) were received on Monday, of which 2 000 bushels sold at $1 05 ₩ bushel, and the balance went into store. A few small parcels have also been received by rail, and sales made at $1 10. Selling in the small way from store at $1 20 ₩ bushel.——OATS.—Stock small, but sufficient to supply present demand. Retailing at 90@95 cents ₩ bushel.——PEAS.—There is a very good supply on market, and at present the demand is limited. We quote small sales at 95 cents @ $1 ₩ bushel for Cow.—— RICE.—Clean is in small stock, and in merely retail demand. Carolina sells by the package at 9@9½ cents ₩ lb. No sales of *rough*, and quotations nominal at $1 25@$1 50 ₩ bushel.

HAY—Is in very good supply, and the market rules steady. The receipts for the week are some 350 bales, of which we quote sales from wharf as follows: 60 bales Northern at 80 cents; 200 do. Eastern at $1 30, and 120 do. Eastern (damaged) at $1 ₩ 100 lbs.

LIME—Is in better stock, and demand light. A cargo of 1,400 casks was received on Saturday by a dealer, and small sales made at $1 70@$1 75 ₩ cask, as in quantity.

LUMBER—Is without change. No demand worthy of mention, and the market continues to be fully supplied. Selling from the city mills at the following figures:

Pine Steam Sawed Lumber—Cargo rates—per

Ordinary assortment	Cuba cargoes, $20 00 @ 22 00
" "	Hayti cargoes, 20 00 @ 00 00
Full cargoes wide Boards	22 00 @ 24 00
" " flooring boards, rough	22 00 @ 22 00
Ship Stuff as ₩ specifications	23 00 @ 24 00
Deals, 3 by 9	22 00 @ 23 00
Prime River flooring	15 00 @ 18 00

MOLASSES—There is only a retail enquiry, to meet which there is a moderate supply on market. We refer to our table for quotations from store, according to quantity and quality.

PEA NUTS—Have been coming to market quite freely during the past week, and the demand has become somewhat checked. Prices are not so good at the close, and are a shade lower. We quote sales from carts at figures ranging from $1 75 to $2 10 ₩ bushel for ordinary to extra quality.

POTATOES—Irish are scarce, and in some request. We quote from store at $4@$5 ₩ bbl.—Sweet are selling at 75@80 cents ₩ bushel.

POULTRY—Is being brought in freely, and meets with sale at the following figures: Live chickens 20@25 cents, grown fowls 25@30 cents, and turkeys $1 25@$1 75 each; dressed fowls 30@40 cts. each, and turkeys 20@25 cents ₩ lb.

PROVISIONS—For North Carolina cured BACON the market rules without change. There is a fair demand for retailing purposes, and only small lots of *new* coming in, and we quote sales from carts at 18 cents for hog round, 20@21 cents for hams, and 16 cents ₩ lb. for shoulders. Western cured continues to be in moderate stock, and the sales are confined to parcels from store at 15@16 cents for shoulders 17@ 18½ cents for sides, and 16@20 cents ₩ lb for hams, according to quantity and quality.——LARD—The re is a fair stock of Northern in the hands of dealers, and we quote a moderate business doing at prices ranging from 16 to 21 cents ₩ lb., as in quality.——PORK.—The market is better for Northern, and supply moderate. See table for at re rates. *Fresh* is selling from carts at 14@15 cents ₩ lb.

SALT—Is in moderate enquiry, and we note a fair stock on market. Sells from store in small lots at $1 90@$2 for American, and $2 15@$2 20 ₩ sack for Liverpool ground.

SHINGLES—Demand light, and we quote only small sales at $3@$3 50 for Common, and $4 50@$5 ₩ M. for Cypress.

TIMBER—Is without change. There is little or no demand from millers, as is usual at this season of the year, and the market rules dull. Only a few rafts received and changed hands at figures given in table.

WOOD—Is in better supply, and has declined in price. We quote by the boat load at $3

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

Let us have Peace.

Hardly a day passes without legislation in Congress upon the matter of arming the "loyal" masses of the Southern people. Protests are unavailing, and with the exception of Georgia, the reconstructed States are to have their loyal militia armed by the General Government. Some of the best citizens of Louisiana are present in Washington, and urge with all the vehemence of men who desire peace and quiet, and whose property and lives are at stake, against this monstrous crime. But to no purpose.

In answer to the maxim of Gen. GRANT, "Let us have peace," his party leaders have hastened through Congress a bill requiring the Secretary of War to deliver to the Governors of North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas, at the seat of government of each of said States, for the use of the militia thereof, as many serviceable Springfield rifled muskets of calibre fifty-eight, with accoutrements, and serviceable field pieces with equipments, as the Governors of each State, respectively, shall require, not exceeding two thousand rifled muskets and two field pieces for each congressional district in those States. It is also required that the arms are to be delivered only on certificates of the Governors showing to the satisfaction of the Secretary of War that the regiments and companies for which they are required are organized of loyal citizens.

It will be remembered that the States for which this extraordinary military provision is asked for the preservation of order are all re-constructed States. This is the working of a dangerous process of restoring the Union. This, moreover, is the peace which was to be assured to the country by the election of General GRANT, but which we hardly think is of the sort meant by him when he coined his famous expression.

It is only in the hands of "loyal citizens" that it is proposed arms shall be placed. It is well enough known what is meant by that designation. By "loyal citizens" is meant the black and white radicals of the South, all others being considered "rebels," now and forever. The proposition, therefore, is simply to arm one party in the reconstructed States against another, and to hold down the mass of the Southern white population by the bayonets of their former slaves.

What use these so-called loyal men will make of their authority is not difficult to divine from the experience of Tennessee and Arkansas. Populations which would cheerfully submit to the soldiers of the United States, will only be goaded into revolt and resistance by the arming of a party among themselves, and that party composed of the most ignorant and reckless part of the population, to stand sentry over them.

"Let us have peace!" The derangement of business and labor which must follow protracted disorder and strife in the South cannot fail to affect injuriously the interests of the whole nation. If ultra partisans care not for the peace or welfare of the Southern States, let them at least care for the prosperity of other sections, and take heed lest the steel they plunge through the South reach the vitals of the country.

Florida Election.

On Wednesday, the 29th of December, an election is to be held in Florida for a Representative to the Forty-first Congress, ten State Senators and five Representatives. These legislative elections are to fill vacancies caused by death and disqualification—the Governor declaring some seats vacant because of the holding of other offices by the members—and this was one cause of the difficulty between him and the Legislature. We understand that it is possible that the Democrats may obtain control of the Senate by the filling of these vacancies.

General WILLIAM D. BARNES is the Democratic candidate for Congress. Hamilton, the present representative, and a negro, William U. Saunders, are the Radical candidates. Unless from criminal apathy, the Democratic candidate will be elected. General BARNES is a native North Carolinian, though a resident of Florida from his youth. He graduated at the University of this State in 1852. He is one of the leading lawyers of his adopted State, and enjoys a deserved and enthusiastic popularity. We would hail the election of our friend with pleasure, as well for his State as for his own merits.

Morality.

We have never thought that mens' morals could be much improved by means of legislation, nor vicious appetites placed under healthy restraint by penal enactments. The pulpit can do more to reform men than the law-makers. The code of laws which issued from the cloud and thunders of Sinai is more potent in this respect than volumes from our Legislatures and Governors. The people of North Carolina have especially borne a commendable social and moral character, and the restraints of a sound public opinion have proved sufficient to keep within safe bounds the ordinary vices and irregularities. It was not, therefore, found necessary by our fathers to curtail the liberties of our people by laws interfering with social habits or to legislate them into morality and sobriety. Our experience in other States confirms us in the opinion that such laws are either dead letters or serve as a check upon that class of the population who need it least.

Of a kin to such legislation is the recent act of the Legislature prohibiting hunting and the use of fire-arms on Sunday, except for self-protection. We cannot say we disapprove of such a law in the abstract, but for all practical purposes it is worthless. Those who have been accustomed to hunt on Sunday will continue to do so. But this species of legislation is apt to be carried too far. The cause of Temperance has been retarded in some of the New England States by extreme and radical legislation on the subject, and Religion does not flourish in those countries where, it is forced upon the people by legislation, as where it is the growth of the heart. The *form* is indeed nourished, but the *substance* too frequently perishes.

We take it that this matter of hunting on Sunday can be, and is, to a great extent, regulated by public opinion, and its power will be more efficacious in preventing it than will be this act of the Legislature. Men who are engaged in robbing the State of hundreds of thousands of dollars—stealing the public money—could do more for the good of morality by themselves setting examples of honesty than by filling the statute books full of the short-comings of others. Men who spend the Sabbath in concocting schemes for plundering the people during the week, can better employ their time in attempting to reform themselves—placing their own reputations above reproach—than in declaring the Sabbath day holy by act of the General Assembly.

Christmas Story.

We will begin on Tuesday the publication of a Christmas story, written expressly for the JOURNAL by Dr. J. BRYAN PURCELL, of this city, entitled "The Spider's Nest." We are certain our readers will have reason to thank us and the gifted writer after its concluding chapters are finished, for thus remembering them during this return of the festive season. The children will be grateful, and those of larger growth can and will turn with pleasure and profit from the sickening record of corruption and malignity, which our duty as journalists compels us to publish, daily occurring in Raleigh and Washington, to this beautiful tale of domestic life, of love and adventure, inculcating lessons of morality and duty.

From the Philadelphia Press, December 14.

Alexander H. Stephens, it is said, is about to accept the chair of belles-letters in a Georgia college. Collegiate professorships seem to be the refuge of the shattered leaders of the rebellion, from Lee and Semmes down. Just what the effect of this will be on the future of the country every man can best consider for himself.

Poor Forney is shocked that "the shattered leaders of the rebellion" are competent to take the belles-letters chairs in Southern colleges, says the New York *World*, and therefrom evolves terrible things to the future of the country. But how about the country and the rising generation if some of the as yet unshattered leaders of the loil—such scholars as Sprague, Chandler, Wade, Wilson, and even Forney, whose belles-letter chairs might be founded upon the infamously celebrated Jamison letter—were to assume professorships in some of our Northern colleges? The *Press* believes in committing the government of Southern States, the enactment of laws, and the drafting of constitutions to swamp negroes; but happily reconstruction, with all its power, has not been able to prevent the Southern people from committing the education of their children to cultivated and scholarly men.

Proceedings of the Semi-Annual Meeting of the New Hanover Agricultural Society.

The Society met in the Court House in this city yesterday agreeable to appointment and was called to order by D. McMillan, Esq., President.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The reading of the minutes of the Executive Committee was, on motion, dispensed with.

The representatives of the press were then made Assistant Secretaries.

The following persons were elected members: Dr. H. H. Robinson, John E. Lippitt, J. C. Mann, N. A. Stedman, Jr., A. M. Waddell, B. R. Moore, George A. Peck.

On motion, Dr. D. M. Buie was elected an honorary member.

A recess was then taken until 2½ o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society was called to order after recess by the President.

The Committee on Agricultural Education and an Agricultural Library, through Dr. S. S. Satchwell, submitted a lengthy and able report prepared by Mr. A. R. Black, the chairman of this committee.

On motion, the report was adopted.

Dr. S. S. Satchwell, from the committee on the Agricultural Condition of the County and Services of State Geologist stated that the committee were not prepared to report as yet and asked for a continuance of the committee until the next meeting. In regard to the State Geologist, he said that he had recently seen this official and endeavored to prevail upon him to visit our section, but being entirely under the control of the Governor and Council, he can only be obtained through a direct application for his services.

Mr. Nutt submitted some valuable remarks on labor and immigration, during the course of which he suggested the establishment of an immigration agency by some organized body.

Dr. Satchwell followed on the same subject, suggesting the existence of the Immigration Society of Eastern North Carolina and its efforts to introduce immigration into the State.

Col. B. R Moore moved that a committee of three be appointed to address the Governor requesting the services of the State Geologist.

Remarks were made by Dr. Satchwell, Mr. Black and Dr. Robinson in favor of the motion, which was adopted.

Appointed on this committee were Col. B. R. Moore, Dr. S. S. Satchwell and Maj. J. C. Mann.

Dr. Satchwell submitted the name of Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, for honorary membership. Bishop Gibbons was unanimously elected.

Maj. McClammy reported a successful experiment with a fertilizer manufactured by Dr. D. M. Buie, and recommended its use.

The following persons were elected members: J. A. Engelhard, A. L. Price, W. H. Bernard, John C. James, Dr. Wm. G. Thomas, A. Adrian.

On motion of Dr. Buie, a committee of three, consisting of Dr. D. M. Buie, John C. James and N. A. Stedman, Jr., were appointed to wait on the merchants and professional gentlemen of the community and request their co-operation with the Society.

Mr. A. R. Black, from the proper committee, submitted a variety of agricultural subjects upon which committees were appointed to report at the next meeting. [These committees will appear hereafter].

On motion, a committee consisting of Maj. J. C. Mann, was appointed to apply to the Patent Office for imported seed.

Maj. McClammy moved the appointment of a committee to prepare and issue a circular to the farmers of the county, urging the formation of Agricultural Clubs in each District. This motion was carried. Maj. C. W. McClammy, H. Nutt, Dr. D. M. Buie, John E. Lippitt and Dr. H. H. Robinson were appointed as the committee.

On motion of Capt. Louis Howard, Dr. Buie was requested to furnish his analysis of the peanut to the Society for publication.

On motion, the Society adjourned to the next regular meeting, unless sooner called by the President.

Agricultural Convention.

The District Agricultural Convention met in this city yesterday. Col. S. L. Fremont was called on to preside.

On motion, Messrs. Jno. C. James, J. C. Mann and D. M. Buie were requested to act as Secretaries.

The minutes of the last meeting of the Convention were read and approved.

On motion, a committee of three, consisting of Dr. S. S. Satchwell, D. McMillan, Esq., and Dr. H. H. Robinson, were appointed to prepare business for the action of the Convention.

The Secretaries were appointed a committee on Representation.

On motion of D. McMillan, Esq., the invitation to unite in the objects and cooperate with this Convention was extended to the farmers of all that region of country whose commercial interests centre here, instead of the former limits.

The report of the Standing Committee on Agricultural Implements and Machinery was called for, but time was given them until the afternoon session.

The committee on the best method of preparing peanuts for market being also unprepared, were given until afternoon to report.

The committee on Truck Gardening were also given time.

The report of the committee on Scuppernong Grapes, and its wine making qualities, was called for. Dr. D. M. Buie, from that committee submitted some interesting verbal statements regarding this matter.

Dr. Buie was requested to write out these for publication.

Dr. S. S. Satchwell, from the committee to prepare business, submitted a report in part,

Agreeable to this report the following committees were appointed:

1. Committee to memorialize Congress in behalf of an appropriation for improving the bars and channel of Cape Fear River—Col. S. L. Fremont, Jno. C. Mann and Col. J. W. Atkinson.

2. Committee to confer with the authorities of the several railroads connecting with Wilmington in reference to the transportation, at the cheapest possible rates, of fertilizers, and also immigrants—Dr. S S. Satchwell, A. R. Black and S. D. Wallace.

3. Committee to report upon the subject of homesteads for immigrants—Rt. Rev. Jas. Gibbons, D. D., A. R. Black and Col. T. C. McIlhenny.

4. Committee to confer with our Representatives in Congress in regard to the levying of a tax on peanuts and rice raised in foreign countries—G. Z. French, Esq., Dr. S. S. Satchwell and D. McMillan, Esq.

5. Committee to devise and report means for the improvement of our common roads—R. K. Bryan, Esq., Dr. H. H. Robinson and Maj. C. W. McClammy.

The committee on Representation reported the following counties represented, viz: New Hanover, Duplin, Columbus, Bladen and Brunswick.

Col. Fremont here vacated the chair for the purpose of submitting the report of the committe on truck gardening, embracing fruit and vegetables. The report is lengthy and clear.

On motion, the report was received and it publication asked.

Mr. R. K. Bryan asked for some report from the delegates appointed at the last session of the Convention to the Immigration Convention at Goldsboro'.

Dr. Satchwell responded, submitting some interesting statements.

On motion, a committee on Permanent Organization, consisting of Dr. S. S. Satchwell, A. R. Black, Esq., and Col. B. R. Moore was appointed, to report at the afternoon session.

On motion, a recess was taken until 3 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention assembled agreeable to adjournment.

Dr. H. H. Robinson, from the committee on a Central Society and Fair, submitted an interesting written report, suggesting the formation of an Eastern North Carolina Agricultural Society, inviting them to join the farmers of those counties, whose planting and commercial interests are concurrent with our own. In regard to a Fair the report recommends that the Association join their efforts with those of their County Society for a Fair next Fall.

The report was, on motion, received.

The committee on Permanent Organization presented a report as the result of their deliberations, embodying a constitution and by-laws for the organization. In it the following officers were recommended:

President—S. L. Fremont. Vice Presidents—T. S. Memory, T. C. McIlhenny, Dr. C. T. Murphy and J. C. McMillan.

Corresponding Secretary—B. R. Moore.

Recording Secretaries—J. C. Mann, R. K. Bryan and John C. James.

Treasurer—D. McMillan.

Executive Committee—Dr. H. H. Robinson, Henry Nutt, J. S. Hines, Thos. D. McDowell, Alfred Dockery.

The recommendation as to the officers was adopted, and the persons named declared duly elected to the several offices.

The constitution and by-laws were adopted. The organization will be known as the Cape Fear Agricultural Association.

The Press was requested to publish the proceedings, including the constitution and by-laws.

Thanks were returned to the members of the press and officers of Convention.

On motion, the Executive Committee, in calling the next meeting, was requested to issue an address inviting persons to join.

The following was offered by Col. B. R. Moore:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to prepare a bill for the proposed incorporation of this Association, and to procure its passage by the Legislature into an act of incorporation, if the committee shall deem it expedient.

The resolution being adopted, the President appointed as this committee, Col. B. R. Moore, Dr. H. H. Robinson and Mr. Henry Nutt.

The Secretaries of the Association were authorized to solicit and receive names for membership; and Sec. 1 of Article 3 was suspended for twelve months.

All papers in the State favorable to the objects of the Association were requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting, or a synopsis thereof.

The railroads and steamboats were requested to pass delegates to the meetings of this Association free of charge for the first year, for the purpose of encouraging the objects in view.

The Convention then adjourned.

The Lynching in Indiana—Statement of an Eye Witness—Particulars of the Horrible Tragedy.

The Cincinnati Gazette contains the following dispatch:

Louisville, Dec., 13.—Between three and four o'clock yesterday morning about seventy-five armed men, wearing scarlet masks, visited the jail in New Albany and overpowered the guard, shot sheriff Fullinlove in the arm, and took possession of the jail. The sheriff refused to deliver the keys, which were finally found by the maskers, and Simeon, Frank and William Reno, brothers, and Wm Anderson, the notorious Seymour express robbers, were taken from their cells and hung.

Henry Clarke, a prisoner in the jail for killing George Telle, at Selma, Indiana, was an eye witness and makes the following statement:

The first persons I saw in jail were two men who had on masks of red flannel, or something of the kind—perhaps red handkerchiefs. Heard the men talking to Matthews the guard, apparently endeavoring to force him to point out the cells. Matthews refused to tell them anything.—Then a voice said something about putting a robe around his neck, and the order was given to pull him up. Then heard Nos. 24, 11 and 7 distinctly uttered, and they seemed to have released Matthews. No. 24 was Frank Reno's cell. No. 11 was Charles Anderson's, and Simeon and William Reno were in No. 7. Then heard some one say, "Bring a rope," and they went to Frank Reno's cell first. Frank said nothing, and heard the words. "Frank Reno, No. 23;" and then "Pull him out." He resisted some, and cried, "For God's sake, gentleman what are you going to do?" They told him to "dry up," and then tied his hands, and a couple of them grabbed him by the throat, pushing him along.—As they got to the top of the stairs he clutched at the banisters, but made no noise. He died very hard.

After hanging Frank, they went to No. 7, where Simeon and Wm. Reno were.—As they opened the door, some one spoke up and said, "What do you want here?" Then I heard something fall, and afterward heard that one of them had been knocked down by Simeon, who had seized the sink lid to defend himself. I then heard the fall of another body as they rushed into the cell. Simeon had been knocked down. Heard him groan. They then took him out, carried him around and hung him. I heard him make no noise.

They then brought out William; I saw them put a rope around his neck. An order was given for Nos. 3 and 5 (every man seemed to be called by a number instead of by name) to go up and fetch the rope. William said, "I am innocent, gentlemen; never done the robbing. Oh Lord, protect my father and sister." Two men pulled him up. William struggled very hard.

When Anderson was taken out of his cell he asked for time to pray, but was told to shut his mouth, and that they did not want anything out of him. They strung him up, but the rope broke. It was tied again and he was again pulled up.

The lynchers arrived by the Jefferson railroad and departed the same way. They are generally supposed to be the Jackson county vigilance committee. It is understood that Reno and Anderson intended to apply before Judge Bicknell for writs of habeas corpus, saying that they could show that they were not concerned in the Marsefield robbery. The so-called vigilants probably got wind of this and hence the terrible tragedy. These four make ten men who have been lynched in Indiana for the robbery of the Adams Express Company. Vol. Elliott, Charles Rosebery and Phillip Clifton having been hanged near Seymour, on the 20th of July last, and a short time after Frank Sparks.—John Moore and Henry Jerrell were captured and hanged near the same place.

Captain C. J. Sewell, the notorious Federal guerrilla, died in the city Hospital to day, of wounds received in his celebrated raid on Shelbyville, in May, 1866.

"Murders Most Foul."

Probably in the history of this country there has never been such a series of cold-blooded murders recorded as there has been within the past few weeks. These terrible deeds, it will have been noticed, have not been confined to the South, where radical politicians take especial pains to drag before the world every deed of horror that is committed—and many, perhaps, that are not. In the North, and particularly in New England, these murderous acts are characterized by frightful atrocities which might cause even a Southern Ku-Klux to recoil shudderingly. Murder as one of the fine arts, as described by De Quincy, finds almost daily illustrations in moral and puritanical New England. It is evident that the lessons of the ancestors of the New England people, who hung Quakers and burnt witches for pastime, are not forgotten. Seriously, cannot our New England philanthropists and philosophers pause a moment in their missionary works among the far off Hindoos and fat and lazy Africans and set about improving the immoral atmosphere with which they are surrounded, and in reclaiming from Satan's grip the poor, shivering souls akin to their own flesh and blood? A truly shocking state of affairs prevails in New England, and something should be done to check the course of society there in its downward career to demoralization.

N. Y. *Herald.*

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

From the Raleigh Sentinel.

Important Decision in Bankruptcy—In the Matter of Geo. Brandt, Bankrupt.

The following question arose and was stated and agreed to by Mr. Jno. W. Hinsdale, attorney for H. B. Claflin & Co., and Wolf, Mayer, Hays & co., creditors of said bankrupt, having entered their appearance in opposition to the discharge of said bankrupt, and Mr. B. Fuller, attorney for said bankrupt viz: "Whether, upon the attendance of the bankrupt before the Register, at a meeting to show cause in opposition to his discharge, a creditor, who has not obtained an order of the District Court for examination, has a right to examine him upon oath touching his bankruptcy, upon application to the Register, if such right of examination is denied by the bankrupt."

DECISION OF JUDGE.

At Chambers, at Elizabeth City, on the 8th Sept., 1868, by the certificate of Mr. Guthrie, of the 21st Aug., 1868, this question is presented:

"Can a creditor, upon the attendance of the bankrupt before the Register, at a meeting to show cause in opposition to his discharge, examine the bankrupt touching his bankruptcy without first obtaining an order of the District Court for his examination, if such right be denied by the bankrupt?"

The order for the examination of a petitioning bankrupt will be made as a matter of course, upon the application of a creditor, and the Register is as competent to fill up the blank, issue the summons and appoint the day and place for such examination as the Judge.

If the purpose be to elicit facts upon which to found or base the exceptions, it would not be competent for the Register, at the request of any party, to summon any witness or person who may know, or be suspected of knowing, facts pertinent or that might assist the objecting creditor in preparing his specifications. For, in regard to such witnesses, and the facts they may know, a creditor would be left to the risk of establishing them upon the trial of the issues, as parties are in ordinary trials at law.

With such persons, and the information they possess, no one has any right to demand and obtain otherwise than as it may be voluntarily given, unless it be upon the trial of some issues or question made up.

But it is not so with the Bankrupt petitioner; in relation to such of his creditors as prove their debts, he stands upon different ground altogether. When he files his petition, he asks that, in consideration of his complying with every requirement of the law, he may be absolved from every legal obligation to his creditors.

This, it will be seen, is an extraordinary exemption that he asks, and, when he asks this, the law only allows it when he surrenders himself to be dealt with in an extraordinary way, if the Court shall see proper to exercise that power to the ends of justice. Information possessed by the Bankrupt is often important to the proper adjustment of conflicting interests between creditors—often important to defeat the establishment of an unjust claim against his estate—important often to establish justice in disputes that may arise between assignees and debtors to the estate, or as between the assignee and such persons as may claim to have liens or priorities.—Then, for all such, and for all other proper purposes, when the Bankrupt files his petition, he submits himself to the order of the Court, to be summoned or ordered and examined at any and at all times, when it may seem that the ends of justice may be furthered thereby.

The Register, at or after the meeting held by him upon the petition and notice to show cause why a final discharge shall not be granted, must report that he has examined the petitioner finally upon all matters touching his bankruptcy. Then we will suppose that, at such time and place, a creditor had appeared and asked the Register, upon such examination, to propound, or allow him to propound, any proper question touching the bankruptcy, should he not be allowed to do so?

It seems to me that if this was refused, it would not be such an examination of the Bankrupt as the law contemplates or the Register is required to make.

When the bankrupt asks to be discharged, he must submit himself, if required, to be examined with a view to show whether he has made a full and fair surrender.—And it is ordinarily not a very favorable indication, when we find one prompt to demand for himself the benefits of the law, and, at the same time, reluctant to comply with the just burdens or demand of the law.

The Register is empowered to appoint and hold his Courts and act at Chambers, and what he may do is in aid of the Judge of the District Court. Hence, I conclude that whenever an act by the bankruptcy law is required to be done by the Court, the Register may properly do that act, unless a controversy shall arise and then the question raised must be certified by him.

The provisions of the law relied upon by the Bankrupt's counsel are mainly to provide the means by which an absent Bankrupt may be brought forward at a given day and place to be examined at the instance of a creditor or assignee. But if, when he appears without this coercive power, the creditor or assignee happens to be present and desires to examine him, he must be permitted to do so of course, unless it should appear that he has no good ground or reason to do so, but requested it merely to harrass; of which I would always require some proof before I would come to such conclusion.

The Register, Mr. Guthrie, must summon the Bankrupt before him at a given day and place, of which the creditors, H. B. Claflin & Co., must have due notice, to the end that they may examine the said Bankrupt, in respect to all matters touching his Bankruptcy.

Let this be certified to Wm. A. Guthrie.

Death-Bed Confession of a Great Crime.

The New Orleans Picayune relates that some years ago a respectable young man, the only support of a widowed mother and a sister, was clerk in a dry goods store in that city. He frequently assisted the cashier, and one day a forged note on the firm for $400, in the handwriting of the young man, was presented at the bank by an unknown person and paid. The young man admitted drawing the check, but had no recollection of the circumstances, and could give no explanation. He was arrested, tried and convicted. His mother and sister alone believed in his innocence. Bowed down with shame, and unable to vindicate his honor, he died shortly after. In less than a year the bereaved mother died also, and the sister was left to struggle alone for a living, which she obtained by becoming a seamstress. A few days ago a lawyer was called to write the will of a man at the point of death. In this will he bequeathed his property to the sister, and embodied in the instrument a full confession of the forgery committed eight years ago. He was the cashier of the firm, now grown rich. It was by his direction the draft was prepared. Now after the lapse of eight years a tardy reparation is attempted to be made. But it will not restore life to the dead, or extract the bitter sting of sorrow and grief so long endured. It is one of the strange events which make up the story of a life.

The advanced reformers are agonized because Grant went to see Humpty Dumpty sit on a wall in New York

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Why is furling a ship's canvass like a mock-auction? Because it's *taking in sale*, (sail.)

STATE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.—We learn that at the request of the Board Lewis P. Olds, Esq., has furnished a plan for starting the school at once, with a new curriculum based upon the best systems of the time. The report has been submitted to some of the members of the Legislature, and being acceptable, ready co-operation is promised in furnishing the meagre funds required. We are glad at this movement.

We know not whether Mr. Olds will accept the tendered presidency, but shall of course hear by the meeting of the Board in January.—Raleigh *Standard.*

COLORED SOLDIER SHOT.—A colored soldier named Lewis Thompson, was instantly killed, on yesterday morning, at the camp near this city, under the following circumstances:

It seems that Thompson relieved another colored soldier, named Wm. King, on guard duty. King, instead of leaving, however, lingered about the post, when Thompson directed him to stand off his beat. King still lingering, Thompson sought to thrust him aside, when an altercation ensued, in which Thompsons's bayonet happened to scratch King on the forehead. The latter, very much exasperated, at once fitted a cartridge to his breech loading weapon and shot Thompson dead.

The murderer was at once arrested, and will be tried, of course, by Court-Martial.

Ral. *Sentinel.*

DISCHARGES IN BANKRUPTCY.—We have been furnished with the following additional list of persons who have obtained discharges in Bankruptcy, during this term of the Court, viz:

Chatham—Isaac Long, Francis Stone, Matthew Barbee, Richard B Paschall, Oliver Newlin, Alvis Burns, Wm F Snipes, John Harrington, T B Farrar, J G Williams, Wm White.

Wake—John C Fort, Geo H Pennington, Geo T Cooke, Wiley R Perry, Wm B Smith, W H Whitaker, W M Lowe.

Orange—H J Stone, R Morris, Cannon Bowers.

Warren—Theophilus Stallings and George W Myrick.

Granville—G H Flemming, J D Flemming, Geo B Hammatt and Richard H Gregory.

Mecklenburg—Sidney Reading.

New Hanover—Robert McIntyre.

Chowan—Wm Crafton, John H Hall and Chas W Skinner, Jr.

Bertie—J S Mizzle.

Raleigh *Standard.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn that Mr. Henry Murry, a very worthy and industrious citizen of Wake county, was found dead in his bed on Tuesday morning last. He retired to his bed on Monday evening in his usual health, and seems to have died without a struggle, as no one was aware of his death till Tuesday morning. He was a member of the Christian Church, and leaves a wife and four or five children in needy circumstances.—Raleigh *Standard.*

THE "NOO" ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.—The following is a verbatim copy of a notice recently issued by one of Edgecombe's new Justices. We publish it for the benefit of all incoming magistrates, as we suppose it is in strict conformity with the "noo order of things":

EDGECOMBE COUNTY. } December 8th, 1868 }

Mr. W. F. Mercer, We claim half the Cotton and half the corn made by L. D Bullock in the year 1868, and we shal be to your house December 9th, 1868.

L. L. LANCASTER, J P.

Tarboro' *Southerner.*

OUR RALEIGH CORRESPONDENCE.

The Penitentiary and Railroad Schemes—"Delays NOT Dangerous"—Degeneracy of the Times and of Men—Mr. Purdie—Caldwell's Watch Again—Cuffee Mayo Wrestles in Prayer—"Fit Priest, Fit Congregation"—The University, Its Past and Present—Hon. Wm. H. Battle—"Dot" takes a Recess, &c., &c.

RALEIGH, Dec. 18, 1868.

Dear Journal:—Since the date of my last letter the Penitentiary swindle has been fully exposed in the Senate, and the accumulated Railroad appropriations have been laid aside temporarily—"for a more convenient season." *That* may mean until the "Ring" sheds out more freely, or until Representatives have an opportunity of conferring with the people, just as one may choose to construe it. I opine that, in this instance, "delays" will not prove "dangerous" to the schemes in question. They will all prevail with their entail upon the suffering people, of debt and taxation too heavy to be borne; and though popular remonstrances should be piled up as high as Mount Mitchell, they will be of little avail with the irresponsible men who are determined upon their passage. Their verbal reply (the *real reply*, is probably enclosed with the lids of a pocket-book), to all individual and newspaper protestations against their extravagance and profligate recklessness, invariably is: "The people and the press are timid; *we* have the forecaste to see ahead a magnificent system of Internal Improvements which shall regenerate this sleepy old State, and the *nerve* to press it in the face of all obstacles!" *We—we!* Who are the "*we?*" In about five cases out of ten low and prowling mendicants, who are bought with a price, and who malignantly exult in addition at the prospect of beggaring a people into whose favor they have been unable to *slime* themselves; and in the other five, ignorant and purchasable negroes and deluded and venal white men, who are not sharp enough to see through a Yankee trick, or who cannot resist the approaches of the tempter. I should rejoice—I know that the *Journal* would rejoice—to see these various schems of Improvement accomplished and in the full tide of successful experiment; but, better the old days, even of post boys and stage-coaches than the pecuniary ruin and blight of our people, and a damning tarnish upon the escutcheon of North Carolina.

You have asked me to be honest and candid in these letters. So do I desire to be. I wish not to disguise the truth; and honesty, therefore, compels me to lament the evidences which exist that some few of our own political friends are becoming infected with the distemperature of the times. I fear that too many are guided by that false casuistry which inclines one to think that when a general game of stealing is going on, *his* section or county might as well put in for a share. In a matter of this sort, it strikes me, there are but two alternatives—either positive surrender and complicity, or bold, manly and indignant denunciation. There should be no compromise with swindlers.

The question came up again, in the Senate, on yesterday, as to the eligibility of Mr. Purdie, the estimable Senator from Bladen. Letters have been received in this city from Pool and Dockery, announcing the fact that a bill was pending in Congress for the removal of his disabilities, which would probably be successful; and an effort was therefore made to postpone the further consideration of his case until after the recess. This just and reasonable proposition was defeated by the casting voto of Tod Caldwell, Lieutenant Governor, so-called—the same little man who wears *a watch*, presented to him as an appreciative token of his liberality, fairness, &c. (Pugh! it nauseates one to think of it!) Mr. Purdie's case comes up finally to-day. I shall be agreeably surprised if he is not ousted. He certainly will be if the decision rests with the *vice* Gubernatorial hedge-hog.

Stepping into the House of Representatives, yesterday morning, just as that remarkable body was about to be called to work, who should I recognize at the Speaker's desk, in the attitude of prayerful invocation for the souls and bodies of the members, but—*Cuffee Mayo*, the negro representative from Granville? That was about the last place in which I expected to see Cuffee, inasmuch as it is but a few short moons ago that the aforesaid African was arrested for stealing a pistol in Oxford, and it is well known that he draws but loose distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*. Cuffee was much exercised by the spirit.—He wrestled powerfully in prayer. No Congo Voudouist fat Fetich orgies was ever more earnest. His eyes rolled in "fine frenzy," and his woolly pate beat time to his inward inspirations. It was a godly and pious spectacle, and I bent forward, under the *impressment* of the occasion, with the expectation of hearing a sonorous *amen* from French, a penitent groan from Laflin, or a contrite demonstration from the "gay and festive" Estes. I move that Cuffee be salaried as Chaplain of the House. Fit priest—fit congregation!

I see it announced in the city papers here that one L. P. Olds has been offered the Presidency of the University. This is regarded as tantamount to a confession that the University is "gone up." Olds has no qualification for the position, and is universally regarded, I believe, as an erratic personage, who does'nt know his own mind about anything. I perceive that the *Sentinel* suggests James F. Taylor for a Professorship. That *would* cap the climax. We should have each of them delivering lectures in verse (a department of letters in which they both shine gloriously), or even translating the diplomas of the boys into hexameters. Poor old *Alma Mater!* After having run a career of unparalelled fame, the centre of filial love and popular reverence, to be made the object of derision now—the butt and laughing stock of the times—this is "the most unkindest cut of all." Better it were annihilated and forever blotted out of existence.

I hear of some changes among the professional firms of the city. That Christian gentleman and upright jurist, the Hon. Wm. H. Battle—who alone, of all the old Supreme Court, disdained to sacrifice principle and self-respect at the contemptible shrine of *place*—having removed to this city, has associated himself with his two sons, Kemp P. and Richard H. Battle. The Hon. S. F. Phillips and the Hon. A. S. Merrimon have also associated themselves together in the practice of the law.

As the Legislature *(laus deo!)* takes a recess on Monday, and as but little of consequence is likely to transpire in the *interim*, you will not hear from me again until after the 4th of January. Wishing you and your readers all the compliments of the approaching happy season, and promising, when the "Saints" assemble again, to sharpen my wit afresh, I am, faithfully. DOT.

Removal of Political Disabilities.

"Data," the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says in yesterday's issue of that paper:

A close canvass of the sentiments of members discloses a disposition to remove the disabilities of citizens in all the southern States, and there is scarcely a doubt that at this session a bill will pass in both Houses placing the several States upon an equal footing as to the elective franchise.

Another correspondent of the same paper, in a less hopeful spirit, writes:

The speech of Senator Ferry this morning may be regarded as the first hearty response from any prominent member of the Radical party to Gen. Grant's famous declaration, "let us have peace." Mr. Ferry took broad ground in favor of a complete and absolute wiping out of all the political disabilities now imposed upon the southern people, and did not hesitate to assure his associates that such an act of clemency could not only be safely performed, but that its inevitable tendency would be to restore harmony and fraternal feeling. Mr. Ferry was listened to with great attention, but his remarks struck too much at the very base of Radical supremacy to meet with much favor. It is a matter of regret that the assertion is warranted that he is without doubt the only Senator of his party who favors the immediate removal of these unjust political disabilities.

The Alexandria Gazette has the following, being partially on the same subject:

It is understood from those whose political relations entitle them to speak of what they actually know, that all the present circuit judges of the State of Virginia will be relieved by Congress, and that at once, from the disabilities imposed by the fourteenth amendment to the constitution.—Among others who will be relieved from the same disabilities, it is stated, are several gentlemen from this immediate section of the State.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondence of the Baltimore Gazette.

The Bill to Arm Negroes in the South—What the Citizens of Louisiana Say.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15, 1868.

The bill reported to-day from the Military Committee by Senator Wilson providing for arming the militia of the southern States, including the freedmen, elicited a warm discussion, in which the Chairman of the Military committee (Mr. Wilson) declared that more men had been killed in the south since the close of the rebellion on account of political opinion than were slain at the battle of Gettysburg. The bill was discussed not only inside but outside the Senate chamber, and some important revelations were made by eminent citizens of Louisiana now in this city. These gentlemen declared that Senators who favored the proposition to arm the negroes of Louisiana knew not the fearful crater over which their friends were being suspended. They state it as an unquestionable fact that at least 35,000 negroes in Louisiana, outside of the city of New Orleans, have been rendered desperate by the operations of the freedmen's bureau, and the promises made, but never kept by bureau agents and other parties who desired to use the blacks for selfish purposes. These negroes charge that they have been deceived, maltreated and cheated by the carpet-baggers, and they threaten vengeance upon every northern man. It requires all the prudence and persuasion their old masters and the conservative citizens can command to keep and hold these desperate blacks in check, and it is apprehended that if arms be placed in their hands, and the train be once fired, that the scenes of St. Domingo will be thrown in the shade, and that not a carpet bagger will be left to tell the tale. Such is the condition of things in Louisiana as reported by old residents familiar with the facts, and they deprecate the policy of allowing the freedmen arms. The Senatorial debate on the bill was regarded as an able one, the proposition being viewed by different Senators from different standpoints.

The best place to perform the Grecian Bend is over the wash-tub.